



No. 429.—Vol. XXXIII.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 17, 1901.

SIXPENCE.



MRS. LANGTRY AS MDLLE. OLIVA

IN THE PRODUCTION OF "A ROYAL NECKLACE" (ACT I. SCENE 1) TO-MORROW EVENING AT THE IMPERIAL THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, LONDON AND DUBLIN.

THE CLUBMAN.

The Wild-Duck of Diplomacy—The Duke of Genoa—Mr. Edward Bowen—Colombo.

THE *poisson d'Avril*, that imaginary but mighty fish which French anglers are supposed to weave romances round, has taken shape, and may be seen at Eastertide in all the windows of the Parisian confectioners, neatly put to rest in a basket and filled with sweets, and it has also found its way to Bond Street and Regent Street as a substitute for Easter eggs. In Germany the little hare carries sweetmeats at this time of the year to all good children, but the game that has been flushed most freely during this past Easter has been the wild-duck of diplomacy. When Ministers travel the *canards* begin to fly. The German Chancellor, going South, met the Italian Prime Minister at Verona railway station, and chatted with him for ten minutes, and, in consequence, the amateur diplomatists in the European capitals tore to pieces the Triple Alliance and put it together again in a dozen different ways every day for a week. M. Delcassé sat on the left-hand of the Duke of Genoa at the breakfast on board the *Lepanto*, and, with the rest of the Ministers, was served from silver plate, while the other guests ate from mere Dresden china. A Franco-Russian-Italian-Spanish alliance was immediately proclaimed by the would-be Machiavellis, and that shuttlecock was kept in the air for twenty-four hours. M. Waldeck-Rousseau, recovering from the operation he underwent, has gone South to Antibes, and Lord Salisbury is staying at the villa with green shutters that stands on the hillside above Beaulieu. The two Premiers may well meet and chat of symptoms and other interesting invalid-talk. The settlement of the Newfoundland difficulty and a treaty for the partition of Northern Africa are sure to be announced as consequences if they do. M. Waldeck-Rousseau is eventually to visit Genoa, Milan, and Venice, and M. Delcassé is going to St. Petersburg, so the wild-duck will be strong on the wing over the Balkans as well as the Alps, and the pretty and quite harmless game of drafting imaginary treaties and reporting undreamed-of *rapprochements* will be indulged in for many weeks to come.

The Duke of Genoa, whose footmen with scarlet coats and whose gold and silver plate have impressed the imagination of the great train of Deputies and correspondents who followed the President of the French Republic on his journeys—and a Deputy is always a much-travelled man, for he goes free over the railways of France—is, as all Royalties are, perfectly fluent in French, and he is also, what is more rarely found, master of the English tongue, for he was a Harrow schoolboy, and learned our language and imbibed English ideas and saw what good lies under our insular crustiness at the great School on the Hill. He lived with Mr. Matthew Arnold, who then had a house at Harrow and a son in the school, and I remember him very well as a small boy in Mr. John Smith's Form, the First Fourth. He was always pleased, when he had finished his course of studies at Harrow and had returned to Italy, to see again any of his school-friends—a thinning band, for those days are receding, and the classical "Forty Years On," of which all good Harrovians sing in the football song, is beginning to loom ahead.

Mr. Edward Bowen, the author of "Forty Years On," has gone during the past week into the Great Unknown. He was the senior master on the modern side of Harrow, and probably had more influence on the life of the school than any Assistant-Master ever had before. He was always on the side of progress, was a stern disciplinarian, and a real poet—a strange combination in any man—threw himself heart and soul into the games of the school, and found his way surely to all boyish hearts. Though he was well over sixty years of age, he played football during the past winter, and it was pretty to see the muscular old giant dribbling the ball through a mosquito attack of small boys. To charge "Old Bowen" was a perfectly safe venture for young Harrow. It did not cause hurt to the smallest player of them all, and it did not stay the quiet progress of the gentle man. The memory of Mr. Bowen as a schoolmaster and a maker of men will pass, but the words he wrote for many of the school songs will live so long as Harrow lives. "Forty Years On," the football chant which at school concerts is always sung by an Old Harrovian and chorused by men who in their day were boys at John Lyon's School on the Hill, is to Harrow what the boating-song is to Eton, and has in its words a tender sorrow of memories.

Colombo, the Ceylonese port at which the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York disembarked, is the Clapham Junction of the East. The vessels going and coming from Calcutta, Burma, the Straits Settlements, China, and Australia all make fast in the breathless, shimmering harbour sheltered by the great breakwater. The paddock at Epsom on Derby Day is the only place I know that can compare with the verandah of the big hotel at Colombo as a place of strange meetings. Colombo is hot and steamy always, and the native jewellers, in white, with tortoiseshell combs in their long hair, who persistently press jewelled rings upon the British traveller, and are quite willing to wait for payment till "gentlemen gone home," are a nuisance; but at Mount Lavinia, an afternoon's drive away along the coast, there is a delightful hotel standing out on a promontory where a breeze always blows from the sea, and where the curries of Ceylon are to be had—and a Ceylonese curry is nearly, though not quite, the best in the world. Kandy, reached by an easy journey through a country of rice and palms, mountains and tea-gardens, is a delightful hill station.

MRS. LANGTRY AND THE IMPERIAL THEATRE.

The Process of Rebuilding—How to get to the Imperial—Mrs. Langtry's Own Rooms—Her Methodical Habits—A Special Concession to Ladies—No Fees and an Apropos Story—New Ideas in Decoration—The Double Part—Plans for the Future—The Souvenir Question.

B RICKDUST and sawdust, hammer and bang, pit-fall and snare, cry and counter-cry—such was the state of affairs when, a week or so ago, I visited the Imperial Theatre to gaze upon the process of renovation and to obtain a few

INTERESTING AND EXCLUSIVE DETAILS

as to the future of the house to be opened to-morrow. For a moment I hesitated, but my journalistic instincts and training served me in good stead, and I plunged forward. A leap, a bound, two fumbles, and a gasp did the rest, and I presently found myself in the manager's office behind the stage. And here, waiting to receive me and to usher me into the beautiful presence of the celebrated actress-manager, I found Mr. Fitzroy Gardner, Mrs. Langtry's manager.

"Ah!" said Mr. Gardner; "come in. Mrs. Langtry has not yet arrived from Her Majesty's, where she is busily rehearsing 'A Royal Necklace,' so we may as well fill in the time by looking round the theatre. But I need hardly refer to 'the' theatre in the structural sense. You see, we have nothing of the old place left, except four walls and some dressing-rooms. It is

PRACTICALLY A NEW THEATRE.

And when people tell me that a theatre ought to be close to Piccadilly Circus, I remind them of the fortune made by the Bancrofts in that little box of a place, the old Prince of Wales's, off the Tottenham Court Road.

"On the other side of the road we have the St. James's Park Station, which brings half London almost to our doors, and Charing Cross, Waterloo, and Victoria are within five or ten minutes by 'bus. Our supper folk can drive to the Carlton and the other good restaurants in five minutes."

By the time that I had realised

THE VERY CONVENIENT SITUATION OF THE THEATRE.

Mr. Gardner had conducted me from the auditorium into the *sanctum sanctorum* of the house, namely, Mrs. Langtry's own suite of rooms. The first room is called the office, but is really a delightful little drawing-room in miniature, luxuriously furnished with rich carpets, couches, Chippendale chairs and tables, and handsome mirrors. One end of the room is entirely occupied by a mirror of enormous size, fitted with an electric-lighting apparatus of such a kind as to enable the charming occupant to see herself reflected exactly as she will appear when before the blaze of the stage-lights. From the office we went into the dressing-room, and here also the glass of Venus was greatly in evidence. Another little peep revealed a

MODEL BATH-ROOM,

one of those modern luxuries that the old-time actor or actress would have considered just about as attainable as the moon itself.

Hardly had I finished my admiring pry when the lady herself appeared, a little tired with rehearsing, but as gracious and—may I say it?—as beautiful as ever. Time has dealt very lightly with Mrs. Langtry, in spite of her crowded life and many excitements. This, perhaps, is partly due to an excellent constitution, and partly to the fact that she understands the art of getting the most out of life whilst taking as little as possible out of herself. Her method of arranging her work is that by which many a business-man has succeeded in life, for she

PLANS OUT EVERY DAY METHODICALLY,

keeps her own memorandum-book, never fails to keep an appointment, and strictly diets herself. Just now, for example, in spite of the cares of producing a new play and of rehearsing a double rôle, she has been taking the greatest interest in every detail of the general management of her theatre, as well as in the building of it—in fact, she has been doing more in the twenty-four hours during the past three months than many an actor-manager could have got through, and this as regards the theatre only. Apart from her dramatic work, she is in constant touch with her stables at Newmarket, and takes the greatest interest in the gardens of Regal Lodge, her Newmarket home, gardening being one of her hobbies.

Knowing, therefore, what a busy woman I had to deal with, I lost no time in getting as much information as possible in a condensed and practical form. And my first question, of course, had reference to the Imperial Theatre.

"I suppose you will have every modern improvement?"

"Any newly built playhouse has, or should have, the advantage over one previously built in the matter of modern improvements," said Mrs. Langtry. "Although perfection may be impossible, one can, with careful observation, improve on what has been done before. I have aimed at perfection in one respect more than any other. Ladies will find

FOUR INCHES MORE BETWEEN THE ROWS OF STALLS

than is usual in West-End houses, so that their dresses will not be crushed. The shape of every reserved seat has been specially selected by myself and a little jury, with a view to a perfection of comfort.

"The pit-seats are spacious, and the pittings will have a capital view of the stage. I am also following the example of the Haymarket and



MRS. LANGTRY AS MARIE ANIOINETTE

IN THE PRODUCTION OF "A ROYAL NECKLACE" (ACT III.) TO-MORROW EVENING AT THE IMPERIAL THEATRE. THE ACTRESS IS HERE WEARING THE NECKLACE THAT GIVES THE PLAY ITS NAME.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, LONDON AND DUBLIN.

Her Majesty's in having no fees and in very carefully selecting all attendants.

"By the way, I wonder whether you heard an excellent story told at the Playgoers' the other night? In the old Imperial Theatre, the fee system is said to have been so abused that no one was allowed in the auditorium with an overcoat, hat, stick, or umbrella. Sixpence had to be paid for each article in the cloak-room. An attendant, who had already secured a shilling for a visitor's hat and coat, demanded his 'stick or umbrella.' 'I haven't one,' pleaded the playgoer. 'Well, you can buy a stick cheap over the way, sir!' replied the indignant attendant.

"To pass on to another point," said the gracious lady lessee. "One associates the modern theatre so much with gorgeous gilding and imitation marble. Ours is a theatre of 'don'ts.' In the first place, we don't have any painted decorations; secondly, no imitation marble; thirdly, no painted act-drop; fourthly, no 'sunlight' or electrolier in the ceiling; and lastly, with one exception, no brass instruments in the orchestra."

Asked as to the substitutes for these conventional characteristics, Mrs. Langtry explained that the auditorium walls were of pure white marble, relieved by the draperies on boxes and on tier-fronts, and by green-bronze "enrichments"; that the act-drop (not "tableau curtains") would be of a rich dark-green plush velvet, heavily embroidered; that the electric-lamps in the ceiling would be invisible, the light being shed through a large sheet of amber-coloured glass; and that the arrangements of the orchestra would be in accordance with the Marie Antoinette period—therefore, no brass.

The audience, however, will not monopolise the comforts of the house. The company's dressing-rooms all have fireplaces, and a large recess has been arranged in the wall at the side of the stage which will provide an emergency dressing-room for any artist who has to make a quick change, or, when not so required, will be fitted with comfortable seats for the ladies of the company who are waiting to "go on." In other respects, the arrangements "behind" are as modern and convenient as those "in front."

"Will you not find it very tiring to play the double rôle of the Queen and her impersonator?" I asked.

"Of course, it will be an exertion," Mrs. Langtry admitted, "especially as I change my dress five times in the performance. I was amused to hear yesterday that an actor of the very old-fashioned school, who had evidently not studied the story of Marie Antoinette's necklace, and could associate 'doubling' only with the necessity of cutting down salary expenses, was horrified to learn that a West-End actress-manageress should be

CARRYING ECONOMY TO SUCH AN EXTENT

as to 'double' herself. And, by the way, I recently read a paragraph in a usually well-informed weekly paper, in which I was described as 'the newest actress-manageress,' whereas I have been a manageress—I prefer the word 'manager' myself—for twelve years out of the nineteen which have passed since I had a temporary tenancy of the Imperial. I have had several tours of my own in America, some lasting for nearly a year."

Questioned as to the play itself, Mrs. Langtry admitted that there is no such thing as a certainty in theatrical enterprise. With a play founded on a dramatic episode in history, the chief collaborator of which is M. Pierre Berton (who was joint-author of "Zaza" and "Les Deux Gosses" and is one of France's most distinguished actors), and with no expense or care saved in casting and mounting, she can only feel that she is doing her best for the public and for herself. In the event of failure, she is prepared with two strong modern comedies.

"Apparently, you are not discouraged by the chequered past history of the Imperial Theatre?"

"My Imperial Theatre has no past," she replied, smiling. "Its future rests with me, and I do not intend to trifle with theatrical management."

On the subject of

SOUVENIRS,

Mrs. Langtry has decided on no particular policy at present, but contemplates presenting on the first-night a little souvenir of the opening of the theatre; this depending upon whether it will be possible to get some photographs done of the building between the time it is finished and the time when such a souvenir would have to be sent to press.

K. H.

Saturday, April 20, is the day on which the Final for the Football Association Cup is to be played. Sheffield United and Tottenham Hotspur are the Clubs who will then contest the right to hold the trophy and to receive the larger share of monetary profit. In spite of their proud position, it would not be correct to class them as the two best Clubs of the year. Yet, at the present moment, they are the envied of all other professional football organisations. Judging by results, Sheffield United should be able to beat Tottenham Hotspur, but uncertainties at football are by no means rare. For instance, Aston Villa, on April 6, are as good as Sheffield United; five days later they are beaten by three goals to none. What is certain, however, is that, in anything like favourable weather, the crowd at the Crystal Palace on the all-important day will run the record pretty close, and that the Southern Club will carry the good wishes of a very large number. It is many years since the Cup left the South, and its return would be heartily welcomed.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

The Lost Duchess of Devonshire—A Couple of Puzzles—The Disappearance—A Quarter of a Century Elapses—The Return of the Prodigal Picture—Will there be a Good "Curtain"?—Easter Bicycling—Only a Little Bit of Banana-Peel.

EVEN among those who know nothing of art and care little for pictures, the news that the lost portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire had been recovered caused a good deal of excitement. We know that the picture has come back to England after twenty-five years of exile, but there is still some mystery connected with it. The portrait itself, we are told, is at a banker's, but who the banker is has been kept secret; and, moreover, we are informed that the man who stole the picture is in London, but nobody knows his exact whereabouts, unless, perhaps, it is the American detective, Pinkerton.

Here are a couple of puzzles which the amateur Sherlock Holmes may try to unravel. He failed miserably over the theft of the picture, though almost every man you met had his own theory of the robbery. Everybody who had ever had anything to do with the picture was accused of having taken it, though the fact that it was perfectly easy to get into the gallery from which the Duchess was stolen was well known—after the event. The case was a real, ready-made, magazine detective story, and I only wonder that the late lamented Sherlock Holmes never tried his hand at solving the mystery.

It is just on a quarter of a century ago that Messrs. Agnew were exhibiting the portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire by Gainsborough in their Bond Street Gallery. They had just given ten thousand guineas for it, the biggest sum that had ever been paid for a picture up to that date. The high price and the beauty of the picture attracted great crowds, and everyone was talking of the beautiful Duchess. It then occurred to a sportsman who had fought for the North in the American Civil War that a picture worth over £10,000 would be a good and portable bit of property, and so, one morning, London was startled by the news that the Duchess of Devonshire had been cut out of her frame and had disappeared. Great was the excitement, but nothing was heard of the picture, and gradually "The Man in the Street" began to talk of something else.

But the Duchess was not forgotten. "Picture-hats" became all the rage with the ladies, and were the direct ancestors of the much-execrated matinée-hats. Every two or three years, stories went the round of the Press telling how the portrait had been found rolled up in a cylinder in London or Chicago or some other big town. But the man who stole the picture soon found that it was not a marketable commodity, and that he had got to provide stabling for a white elephant. So, when we heard, a few days ago, that the picture had been found in America, we only smiled, and remarked, "What, again?"

This time, however, the story was true. There is a hitherto unknown American celebrity, named Pat Sheedy, who is on conversational terms with Pinkerton, the detective. Sheedy happened to mention the name of a friend to whom he had been under an obligation, and Pinkerton at once said that he was the man who stole the Gainsborough. Sheedy then offered to obtain the return of the picture if proper arrangements could be made, and Mr. Morland Agnew, having been informed of the state of affairs, went over to Chicago, and, having identified the lost Duchess, once more obtained possession of the picture, which had been reposing for nearly five-and-twenty years, wrapped in cotton-wool, in a trunk with a false bottom. Some say that Mr. Agnew has paid the thief £5000 and Sheedy £2000, but Mr. Lockett Agnew has stated that this is all an invention, and that the recovery of the picture will not cost the firm as much as £1000.

Here we have a detective story ready-made in real life, but, as usual in real life, the ending is rather tame and commonplace. What is wanting in actual fact is generally a good "curtain." Facts never know how to arrange themselves artistically, and seldom worry about a dramatic ending. There is one chance, however. Some art-critics have been saying in the papers that the Duchess is really not the Duchess at all, but somebody else. If this should prove to be the case, it will be really dramatic.

I was much struck at Easter-time by the crowds of people who left the London stations taking their bicycles with them. Of course, people have always gone bicycling at Easter since the modern machine came in, but never in such large numbers. Instead of taking long railway journeys, people nowadays go out of town to some convenient starting-place, and then go for a short tour on their bicycles, returning, when the holidays are over, to London by train. This is a most sensible arrangement, and is one of the best ways of spending a holiday.

I have a complaint to make against one of our Colonies—the one from which the bananas come. Only this afternoon, a prosperous-looking citizen, wearing the top-hat and top-coat of respectability, suddenly made what looked like an amateur attempt to throw a Catherine-wheel. He had trodden on a bit of banana-peel. Vegetable produce which causes a joyous rise in Jamaica may cause a sorrowful fall in the Strand.

MISS FANNY BROUGH.

NO family has so persistently added to the "gaiety of the nations," to use the expression first uttered with regard to the greatest light of the English stage, as that to which that delightful comédienne, Miss Fanny Brough, belongs. It is the recognised thing to declare that women have no sense of humour, but Miss Brough, like Mrs. John Wood, is one of the exceptions who prove the rule. She has been responsible for as much laughter as any actress of her generation, and the possession of this quality, exercised either in public or in private, is



MISS FANNY BROUGH, WHO WILL PLAY MRS. MONTAGUE TIDMARSH IN "THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

something of which any human being may well be proud. Like so many other actors endowed with comic force, Miss Brough has also a pathetic stop in her possession, which, on occasion, she can draw out with no uncertain effect. No one who saw her in the short-lived play of "22A, Curzon Street," at the Garrick Theatre, will ever forget the quiet, determined, overwhelmingly pathetic way in which she acted the scene in which she was discovered—in the person of the character she was representing—to have committed a theft in order to help the man to whom she was married.

To-morrow week, Miss Brough is billed to appear at the Prince of Wales's Theatre in Mr. Anstey's new play, "The Man from Blankley's," the name of her part being Mrs. Montague Tidmarsh. All playgoers will wish this talented lady a triumphant success in her new rôle.

YVETTE GUILBERT AT THE EMPIRE.

One of the most-talked-about women is Yvette Guilbert, who, according to recent Parisian gossips, has retired from the stage, increased in weight, changed the colour of her hair, built herself a mansion, taken a bijou theatre for the recitation of highly moral poems, and, finally, started a *cabaret* in Montmartre after the style of the "Chat Noir." All this may be true, but, nevertheless, she has been engaged by the directors of the Empire, in Leicester Square, to appear there for twelve nights, commencing on May 20. Yvette has always been a great success at this Variety Theatre, particularly with the stall patrons, and already it is said that the libraries are asking for deals for the reserved portions of the house.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Whilst cordially thanking the many Contributors who have submitted interesting photographs and notes for his consideration, the Editor would urge upon such contributors the necessity for ensuring *ABSOLUTE ACCURACY* in the matters of *NAMES* and *DATES*, which should be written in pencil on the back of each portrait and view sent to "The Sketch," 198, Strand, London.

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April 17, 1901.

Signature.....

TO PRESS AGENTS, PRINTERS, AND PUBLISHERS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Please note that the London Electrotpe Agency, Ltd., of 31, St. Bride Street, E.C., now have the
Sole Agency for the sale of our electrotypes and reproductions of our drawings, &c.

A YEAR'S RECORD OF PROGRESS AND ENTERPRISE.

The Annual Meeting of WARING & GILLOW, Ltd.

A highly gratifying statement was made by the Chairman of Waring and Gillow, Limited, at the fourth annual meeting, held at 181, Oxford Street, on the 11th inst. In view of the many conditions which may have been expected to be prejudicial to trading interests, the record set forth is highly reassuring, and shows that, in spite of the vigorous foreign competition with which our industries are threatened, native firms with energy and enterprise, alive to the requirements of the age, and quick to grasp and apply new ideas, have little to fear from this kind of rivalry.

The Chairman, in commencing the proceedings, alluded in feeling terms to the great loss the British Empire, and, indeed, the world at large, had sustained in the death of Queen Victoria. They had been frequently honoured with Her Majesty's commands, but, apart altogether from any commercial consideration, they deplored her loss because her characteristic kindness made it a keen pleasure to have the privilege of serving her and of contributing in any way to her comfort. We were fortunate in possessing a Royal Family the members of which invariably displayed the same uniform kindness and consideration. (Hear, hear.) The Chairman then went on to say—

It is my pleasant duty to inform you that 1900 proved to be a very gratifying year, and was characterised by what, considering the War and the general dulness of trade, was a remarkable expansion of our general business. (Hear, hear.) Although the contract department, by which I mean the furnishing of hotels, &c., was somewhat depressed, yet the general house-furnishing and decorative business increased by leaps and bounds, and actually represented some nine-tenths of the turnover; so that, although we have had comparatively few contracts of much importance, the healthy conditions indicated by the general results all round are of the most satisfactory description. So great, indeed, has been the development of the business, and so strong are the indications of a continued expansion, that we have found it necessary to arrange for larger business premises, a point to which I will refer later on. (Hear, hear.)

UNPRECEDENTED AWARDS AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

One of the great features of the past year has been our phenomenal success at the Paris Exhibition. We were very strongly urged not to take any part in this Exhibition, for reasons which you will all remember, and which had special reference to the feeling, very much exaggerated, which was supposed to exist in France towards the English people; but we felt that it was not the mission of Englishmen to hold back on so important and international an occasion. It would not have been in the spirit of that enterprise which has placed England in the foremost van in the world of commerce; it was also impossible to think of going back after the nomination we had been honoured with to furnish the Royal Pavilion. We consequently went ahead, and the results proved amazing, even to ourselves. (Applause.)

The award granted to our firm, namely, the double Grand Prix, was unprecedented and unparalleled in our business, not only as regards England, but also as regards any Continental firm; and, what was of great moment, five gold medals and seven silver medals were awarded to the artists employed by us, a point which I feel sure you will appreciate, as this recognition of individual effort is not only gratifying, but encouraging as well. (Hear, hear.) Indeed, I feel that this recognition of our employees gave even more pleasure to the firm than if they had received it themselves.

It must be remembered as an enhancing factor that the high distinction which we have won was obtained at the hands of a French jury, representing the most critical art nation in the world. Our exhibit, I need, perhaps, hardly tell you, attracted almost universal attention, and it was, moreover, fortunate in obtaining the expressed approbation of our own Royal Family. The directors of the Vienna and other Art Exhibits paid numerous visits to it, and made purchases for their museum, and the architect to His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Germany on one occasion gave a lecture in the rooms to a number of his colleagues on the practical and artistic points it embodied. The effect from a commercial standpoint was immediate and startling. It was established that the British claim to direct and mould public taste from a decorative standpoint was no idle one, and the originality and refinement of our work met with a generous recognition from both French and German visitors, the latter in particular commenting upon the homelike character and domesticity of our rooms. In fact, the exclamation of all visitors was one of admiration and delight. A very high compliment was conveyed in the fact that Mr. John Wanamaker wished to negotiate for the transfer of the entire exhibit to his great house in America. (Applause.) As a further result of the Exhibition, orders were received from H.R.H. the Princess Eulalie for the reconstruction and furnishing of her Palace at Madrid in accordance with English ideas. Numerous orders from distinguished members of Society in France, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Italy, and Russia were booked, and at the present moment we are carrying out work in all these countries. (Hear, hear.)

One result of our success is that an impetus has been given to British art, which we hope is only the initiation of a movement which may be destined to demonstrate the practicability, the artistic merits, and the delightful sense of fitness and utility which are the characteristic features of an English home; and we further venture to cherish the belief that the movement thus started will leave an indelible mark on the whole of Europe.

SUCCESS AGAINST AMERICAN COMPETITION.

Every month we are extending our territory abroad, and securing the patronage of a larger circle of influential foreign clients. You are familiar, of course, with the wide scope of our enterprise, but perhaps the outside public is not so well aware of the extraordinary facilities which we possess in the combined firms of Waring and Gillow for dealing with such widely differing undertakings as palaces, mansions, villas, hotels, ships, yachts, &c. In connection with the two latter classes, it will interest you to know that we have successfully carried out, to the satisfaction of the owning company, the entire decoration and furnishing for two American liners, and we are just completing a large yacht for Mr. James Gordon Bennett, which will be unique in the application of Greek art, and this, too, in spite of the keenest American competition, a proof, if any were needed, that English enterprise is not entirely played out. We must not, however, conceal from ourselves that the competition from Germany and America, unless energetically met, is likely to have far-reaching results. We must, therefore, pull ourselves together, and employer and employed ascertain and utilise the best methods from these two countries. By doing this and applying that British inherent capacity that is by no means extinct, the competition may prove to our ultimate advantage, for now, as of old, "If England to herself doth prove but true," we need fear nought. (Hear, hear.) A record in ship work was accomplished in the case of the *Ophir*, which was reconstructed, decorated, and furnished for the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York in the short space of seven weeks, the work giving the highest satisfaction, and eliciting gracious and generous encomiums both from Royalty and the Press. We are now busily engaged upon the new Royal Yacht, the details of which His Majesty the King has taken a great interest in, and personally defined a basis of such a practical character as should make it one of the best-equipped ships afloat, whilst beautiful in its simplicity. (Applause.)

NEED FOR LARGER PREMISES.

It would, of course, be impossible to carry out so large a variety of important work without an efficient system of concentration and a first-class equipment of mechanical resources. Our great factories at Hammersmith, Lancaster, and Liverpool are the largest and best-fitted in the world, and enable us to produce well-designed and soundly constructed work on a competitive basis at prices within the reach of almost every class, and to expand it is necessary to show that is possible, to have well-designed and soundly constructed work as cheap as the inartistic. But the mechanical part, although important, is not the principal one to which our attention is given. Our studio is constantly being recruited with the best talent, and it is one of our cardinal rules that everything should be designed on accurate principles of taste. In all our work we endeavour to introduce the "New Note" of artistic originality, and this, combined with economic productions, has been largely instrumental in bringing about that expansion of our business which, as I have already said, has imperatively necessitated the acquisition of larger premises. I am glad to inform you that we have succeeded in securing a site covering close upon an acre of land in a geographical position which it would be impossible to better. (Applause.) This splendid position is a block directly opposite to our present premises in Oxford Street, almost adjoining Peter Robinson's and close to Oxford Circus. When completed, the new premises which we propose to erect should mark an epoch in commercial buildings, and should constitute the finest in the world devoted to the decorative and furnishing trade, and will be entitled, I think, to be regarded from this standpoint as the high-water mark of the twentieth century. The various show-rooms are so designed as to comprehend every variety and character of design as applied to furniture, decoration, and complete house equipment at every range of price, so that the most uninitiated may get an object-lesson which will be an education in itself, and visitors may be able to differentiate with ease the various styles, and to grasp the distinctive features in those which appeal most strongly to their sympathies.

This new building will be shortly commenced, and I hope when next I address you to be in a position to record a very substantial measure of progress. You will rightly deduce from this movement that our business is progressing in a highly satisfactory way, and that our determination to stamp everything we do with the highest artistic quality is reaping an adequate reward. (Applause.)

The report and accounts were adopted, the retiring Directors and Auditors were re-elected, and the meeting terminated with a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The King at Windsor.

During his sojourn at Windsor Castle the King made it quite clear that the Royal Borough will in future be even more often honoured by the presence of the Sovereign of these realms than was the case during the last reign. His Majesty drove out frequently, and the fact that among other places in the neighbourhood the Royal *cortège* visited Ascot racecourse naturally aroused much interest among racing folk. Ascot was at one time frequently honoured by the presence of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, and there were few prettier sights than that of the Royal Procession wending its way from Windsor Castle to the historic racecourse. These glories are now to be revived, and, after the next Ascot Week, many alterations will be carried out, a prominent feature of the new buildings it is proposed to erect being a Royal Stand and Enclosure.

The Princesses of Great Britain and Ireland.

People do not seem to realise that their Majesties' three daughters are no longer Princesses of Wales. They are each entitled to the fine old designation "Princess of Great Britain and Ireland," and so in future they will sign themselves on great occasions. The Empress Frederick still delights to recall the fact that she is the Princess Royal, and all her sisters have always added the significant six words in question when endorsing State or other documents.

The Queen at Cronberg.

Queen Alexandra, who has always been warmly attached to the King's eldest sister, paid a brief visit to Cronberg on her way home. Her Majesty is said to have found the Empress Frederick much better than she expected, and it is possible, though, perhaps, not very probable, that, if Her Imperial Majesty continues to improve, she may spend a portion of the summer in this country as the guest of King Edward and Queen Alexandra. In this event coming to pass, Osborne House would be lent to the Empress and to her children.

The Cessation of General Mourning.

To-day (the 17th) ends the general mourning for Her late Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. It is said that, in spite of rumours to the contrary, their Majesties have no desire to see the public continue to garb itself in mourning or even half-mourning colours, for the King realises what a blow this would mean to those trades which depend so much for their prosperity on those ladies who live to dress rather than dress to live. Still, it must be admitted that all those who belong, even indirectly, to the Court world will be expected to remain *en deuil* as long as does the Royal Household. It is said that the wives of those serving His Majesty in either of the two great Services will be expected to do likewise. Half-mourning is, however, a somewhat elastic term, and we may hope to see exquisite pale mauves verging on azure, greys not wholly innocent of yellow, every tint of creamy-white, and in millinery green leaves are technically considered *demi-deuil*.

The Glasgow International Exhibition.

During their brief visit to Glasgow to open the Exhibition, the Duke and Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Fife will be the guests of Lord and Lady Blythwood. It has been provisionally arranged that the opening ceremony shall take place in the Grand Concert Hall at twelve noon on May 2. On their arrival in the Exhibition grounds at Kelvingrove, the Duchess and party will walk through the Industrial Hall of the Exhibition to the south entrance of the Art Galleries, where Her Royal Highness will be presented with a gold key and will formally declare the galleries open. After formal visits to the Foreign Sections, the Duke and Duchess will drive to the City Chambers, where they will be entertained to luncheon. Arrangements are nearly completed for the reception of Press representatives next week. Mr. Charles E. Hands, who has happily recovered from the effects of his wound at Mafeking, has already familiarised himself with the Exhibition buildings, and may haply be able to take the rôle of cicerone in the absence of Mr. Bennet Burleigh, who so admirably performed this office for the benefit of his London confrères at the Glasgow Exhibition in 1888.

Princess Dolgorouki's New Home.

The house in Upper Grosvenor Street that belonged to Mr. and Mrs. "Jack" Menzies is not likely to lose anything of its social distinction under the occupancy of its new owners, Prince and Princess Alexis Dolgorouki. The Princess, well known in London before her marriage as Miss Fleetwood Wilson, is a popular hostess, and her favoured dwelling will be the scene of many distinguished gatherings in the coming Season. Braemar Castle, a quaint old place near Balmoral, is owned by the Princess, who, with her husband, has a special liking for the Scottish Highlands. During their residence at Braemar, the Prince and Princess, it may be recalled, received frequent attentions from the late Sovereign.

Ambassadorial Abercorn!

The Duke of Abercorn, who, as Ambassador Extraordinary of the Court of St. James, has been received with such signal honour at St. Petersburg and Berlin, is the head of the House of Hamilton. His Grace enjoys, in addition to several other unique privileges, that of being one of the only two British nobles who possess distinct peerages in the three kingdoms, and he is in France Duc de Chatelherault. The Duke and Duchess of Abercorn have long been on terms of intimate friendship with King Edward and Queen Alexandra. His Majesty, as Prince of Wales, stood sponsor to the Marquis of Hamilton, and Lady Alexandra Hamilton is one of Her Majesty's prettiest god-daughters. Good looks are the hereditary right of the Hamiltons, and the Duke's six fine sons keep up in this respect the family traditions. Baron's Court is one of the finest ducal estates in the kingdom, and there the Duke and Duchess spend much of their time entertaining right royally those members of the Royal Family who honour from time to time the "distressful country" with a visit.

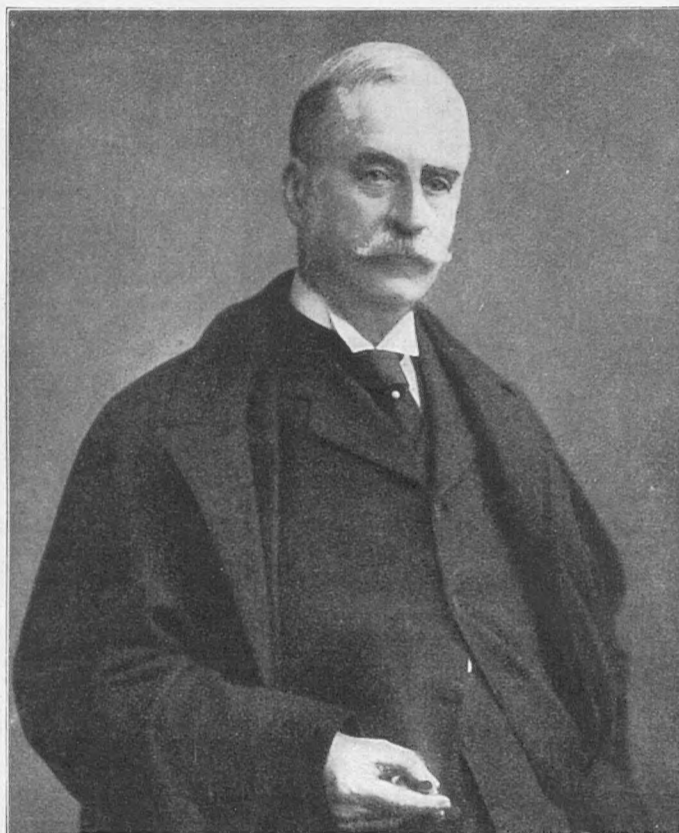
The Dowager-Duchess of Abercorn.

One of the most interesting and charming of Victorian great ladies survives in the person of the Dowager-Duchess, who has nearly twice as many descendants living as had our late venerable Sovereign. It is whispered that among some of his irreverent friends the Duke of Abercorn is simply known as "the brother." His Grace, the head of a family of six brothers and seven sisters, of whom ten survive, is certainly blessed in his near relations. Several of his brothers are really very distinguished, notably Lord George Hamilton, the statesman, and Lord Frederick, who edited for some years with conspicuous ability the *Pall Mall Magazine*. Of the Duke's sisters, the Duchess of

Buccleuch has been four times Mistress of the Robes, and is now serving Her Majesty in that capacity; Lady Lansdowne deserves the thanks of her country for all she achieved on behalf of the wives and families of those officers who have spent so many weary months at "the Front"; and Lady Blandford, the mother of the Duke of Marlborough, is one of the most charming of the great ladies who are probably destined to occupy important positions about the Court.

Who would be a Czar?

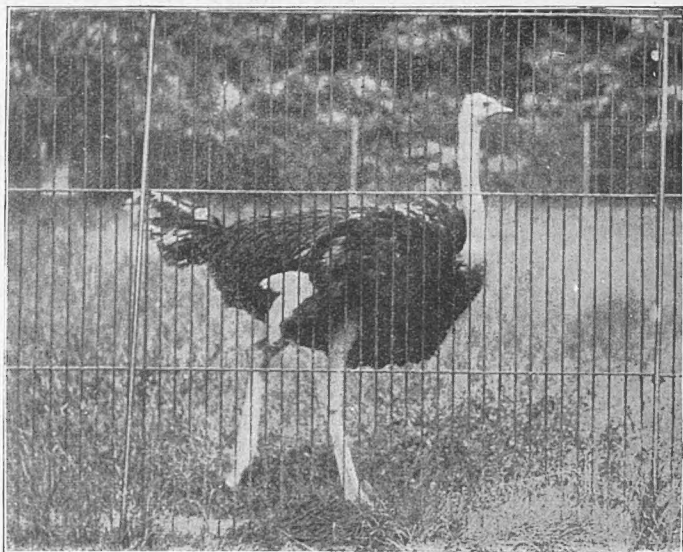
It has often been remarked that very little is heard of the doings of the Czar. Perhaps this may be accounted for by a statement made by a friend of mine, who writes from Moscow. He says that several plots have been discovered against the life of the Russian Emperor during the past eight or nine months, and that the prisons are literally swarming with arrested persons. Of course, nothing authentic has been allowed to leak out, but from one well-informed source it was definitely stated that a carefully contrived plan had been arranged to carry off the Czar, and it was nipped in the bud only by an accidental change of programme. There can be no doubt about it that the country is boiling with sedition. The fact of these plots has greatly alarmed the Czarina, and it is by her entreaty that her Imperial husband rarely leaves her society, and, when he does, he is surrounded by scores of guards and spies. The Czar is naturally of a nervous disposition, and the terrible fate of his grandfather is constantly before his eyes. If he followed his own inclination, undoubtedly he would abdicate. The life of a country gentleman would be much more to his taste.



HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ABERCORN,
AMBASSADOR EXTRAORDINARY OF KING EDWARD TO THE CZAR OF RUSSIA
AND THE GERMAN EMPEROR.
Photo by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

The King's Gifts to the "Zoo."

Magnificent the Zoological Society's collection at the Regent's Park menagerie has been for many years. It is all the richer to-day for the valuable presentation made very recently by His Majesty the King. The welcome addition consists of the animals which had been located at Windsor,



THE OSTRICH PRESENTED TO THE "ZOO" BY KING EDWARD VII.

Photo by Russell, Windsor.

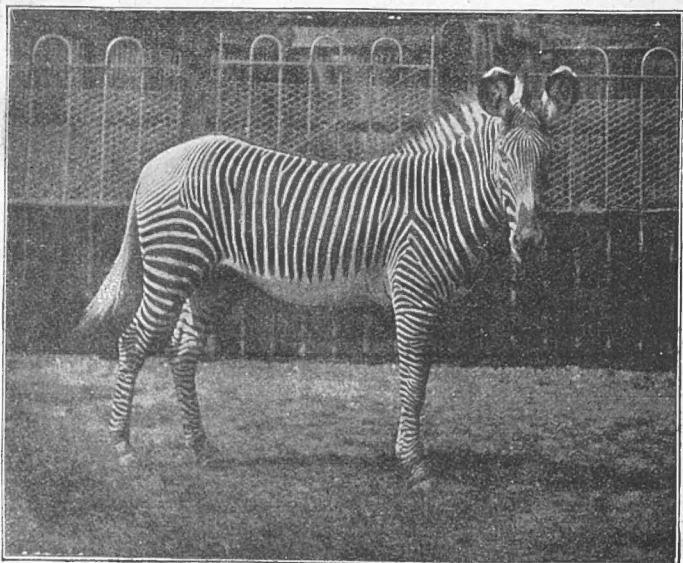
and in which Queen Victoria took vast interest. Among them is the splendid female Grévy zebra, the gift to Her late Majesty of the King of Abyssinia, and named after the then President of the French Republic. She arrived in this country late in 1899, has grown to full size, and, being now in superb condition, is alone worth a visit to the Gardens. The Grévy zebra is the most beautiful of the wild Equidæ, being much superior in size to Burchell's zebra, of which the Society possesses some admirable specimens. Included also in the gift are other animals of great value. For instance, there is a Black-faced Kangaroo (*Macropus melanops*), which stands over five feet in height, also a Rock Kangaroo (*Petrogale xanthopus*). Then there are two—unfortunately, both males—Somali ostriches, three small zebus, and the same number of St. Kilda sheep. In 1876, the King (then Prince of Wales) made a similar valuable gift on his return from India. It may be added that King William IV., in the very early days of the "Zoo," presented the entire menagerie then at Windsor, so that Royalty has done a good deal to assist the Society.

The King's Kind-heartedness.

Apropos of His Majesty's presents to the Royal Zoological Society, I may recall a striking instance of the native kindness of the King. It happened some years ago. Many will remember the fine old French sailor with the Garibaldi-like beard, Jules Lecomte, who taught the first sea-lion brought to the "Zoo" to perform so skilfully. Well, when poor Jules lay dying in his humble lodging, the Prince, hearing of the old man's severe illness, paid a personal visit of consolation to his bedside. One can imagine the gladness of Lecomte at the sight of the Prince's characteristically genial smile and at the sound of his kindly voice.

Mr. D'Oyly Carte and America.

"Scarcely any reference," writes "Transatlanticus," "has been made to poor D'Oyly Carte's theatrical ventures in America, and yet I venture to state that he completely revolutionised the light-opera stage of the United States. Indirectly, he was the cause of the present influx of American



THE GRÉVY ZEBRA PRESENTED TO THE "ZOO" BY HIS MAJESTY.

Photo by Russell, Windsor.

companies into England, for he first showed, with the Gilbert-Sullivan and other operas, how pieces should be produced. By the way, it is almost forgotten that 'The Pirates of Penzance' first saw the footlights at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, Mr. Carte going over to superintend the details. The manager of the playhouse was that eccentric individual, John Stetson, and it was on this occasion that the Englishman told him that stage-cloths would be necessary. 'Stage-cloths!' echoed John, with a cock of his 'boss' eye; 'Stage-cloths! What in the name of thunder are those?' Mr. Carte explained. 'We call them carpets over here,' replied 'Stetty' sententially; 'kindly remember that.' He had no idea what a stage-cloth was.

Mr. Carte's New York Office.

"Miss Helen Lenoir (now Mrs. D'Oyly Carte) was the indefatigable head of the Carte Bureau in Broadway, hard by the Standard Theatre, where most of the operas were produced, Charley Harris being the clever stage-manager. When it is stated that Mr. Carte not only sent out the entire company from England, as well as all the dresses, the scenery alone being painted from models in New York, it may readily be imagined what immense labour was placed upon Miss Lenoir. Of course, she was in constant cable communication with London, for singers are 'kittle cattle,' and often by sheer tact she saved the situation when things looked hopeless. It cannot be said that the Carte invasion was looked upon with favour by the native managers, but they were quite 'cute enough to perceive that the public appreciated the carefully produced works from England better than their own slipshod affairs. And then they began to mend their ways, and have now turned the tables on us. They owe a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. D'Oyly Carte for



KANGAROO PRESENTED TO THE "ZOO" BY THE KING.

Photo by Russell, Windsor.

showing them the right path in which to tread. And they have trod it with great and increasing profit.

The Kidnapping of "Billee Taylor."

"Among other light operas of which Mr. Carte secured the American rights was 'Billee Taylor,' by H. P. Stephens and Edward Solomon. It made an unprecedented 'hit' at the Standard Theatre, and everyone connected with it was in high feather, when, one fine day, a rival 'Billee Taylor' was announced. I should state that the music, having been published, was not copyright, but the book was, being in manuscript. Here was a pretty kettle of fish. Mr. Carte at once attempted to injunct the performance of the pirate piece, which was the counterpart of the original. He lost his case, because the producers of the fraud swore that the opera had been 'memorised,' and at that time, for some extraordinary reason, it was legally allowed in most of the States Courts that if a man went to a theatre, saw a foreign play, and could remember it afterwards, he could write his own version of it! I am glad to know that this iniquitous doctrine no longer holds good. As Mr. Carte would have to fight his claim in every one of the States of the Union, and it would take about three years to get the case brought before the Supreme Court, poor 'Billee Taylor' was abandoned to the buccaneers. 'But,' exclaimed Miss Lenoir, 'I cannot believe in that memorising!'

How "Billee Taylor" was Kidnapped.

"Subsequent events proved that Mrs. Carte was perfectly right in her disbelief. There existed at that time, and probably does now, a literary gentleman, who shall be nameless, a led captain among scribes. He it was who professed to have 'memorised' 'Billee Taylor.' Some three years after this remarkable feat, I met him at the Hoffman House, where, without turning a hair, he gave me the exact circumstances of the kidnapping. 'I went,' he said, 'on three occasions to the Standard, when, while noting all the business of the stage, I had a stenographer taking down the entire dialogue. This, when transcribed, I carefully went through, and altered every important word to an equivalent, keeping the meaning and the story intact. I then took the new book to "H. and H.," the lawyers, who also went through it.

comparing the dialogue with the original. 'That's how it was done.' 'Do you think that it was honest?' I asked. 'Honest!' echoed the man; 'honest! I'd have you know that honesty is a very different thing from business!' When I told D'Oyly Carte, he said, 'We made a great mistake. I ought to have prosecuted those men, not applied for an injunction.'

Mr. Asquith and St. Andrews.

Mr. Asquith, who has been spending a portion of the Easter holidays at Littleton-on-Sea, has arranged to reside, as in some former years, at St. Andrews during the months of August and September. Mr. and Mrs. Asquith have taken St. Salvador's House, near the famous golf links and with a fine outlook on the northern sea. The member for East Fife, who gives great satisfaction to his constituents by his occasional sojourns among them, is as much wedded to the Northern Kingdom as is his wife, who is still remembered among her Scottish neighbours and friends as Margaret Tennant, and both are enthusiastic golfers and cyclists. Mrs. Asquith, who has benefited in health by her brief stay in the South of France, is a charming hostess, and at the eclectic gatherings in their house at St. Andrews and the social functions in the "Little City" politics and State matters generally are at a discount, if not altogether tabooed.

A Veteran Hippophagist.

"I see the death announced," writes an Old Parisian, "of Veterinary-General Decroix, at the age of eighty. I knew this eccentric official very well at one time, when I lived in the 'Gay City.' He was an agreeable companion, but quite cracked on the subject of hippophagy. Not only was he the prime mover in establishing the horseflesh-butchers' shops, but he assiduously practised what he preached. I invariably refused his invitations to dinner, but on one occasion he persuaded me to attend a banquet given at the Grand Hôtel whereat all the dishes were of an equine nature. Before we sat down, photographs were distributed of the animals on which we were about to feed. They were a horse, a donkey, and a mule. I religiously tasted them all; the donkey made the best meat, but I could not stomach salad dressed with horse-oil. When I told him that in England dead horses were given only to dogs, cats, and the animals at the Zoological Gardens, he heaved a deep sigh and exclaimed, 'Have you, then, no compassion for the hungry poor?' The idea of a British pauper being fed on horseflesh was so sublimely ridiculous that I made him very angry by roaring with laughter. Why, at our workhouse elysium the declining days of lucky paupers are cheered by 'Ping-Pong,' sets of this fashionable parlour pastime having been presented by a generous old lady."

A Princely Gift.

Mr. Watson-Armstrong, who has just presented the Newcastle Infirmary with £100,000, is the great-nephew and heir of the world-famous inventor of the Armstrong gun. The late Lord Armstrong, who was justly included among the nation's Grand Old Men, for he was ninety-one years of age, had a much-loved sister, Anne Armstrong. This lady, who died very shortly after her marriage to the late Sir William Watson, Baron of the Exchequer, left a son, who, in due course, became the father of Mr. Watson-Armstrong, who since 1889 has borne his grandfather's name. Mrs. Watson-Armstrong, who is closely associated with all her husband's good works, was a daughter of that famous soldier, Sir John Adye. She is a clever and charming woman, much beloved on Tyneside, especially in the neighbourhood of Crag-side, near Rothbury, a lovely place where Lord Armstrong spent much time. Mr. and Mrs. Watson-Armstrong (portrayed below) have two children, a son and a daughter.



MR. AND MRS. WATSON-ARMSTRONG, WHO HAVE GENEROUSLY GIVEN £100,000 TO THE NEWCASTLE INFIRMARY.

From Photographs by Bacon and Sons, Newcastle.

A Versatile Peeress.

Countess Russell, who still, I presume, in view of the recent law proceedings, is entitled to call herself a Peeress, is a very versatile little lady. She is equally at home on the stage and on the river, and can manage a very pretty singing voice as skilfully as a pair of sculls or a punt-pole.



THE COUNTESS RUSSELL, WHO HAS RECENTLY OBTAINED A DIVORCE FROM EARL RUSSELL.

Photo by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

Even before her marriage to Lord Russell, Miss Mabel Scott was well known on the river, for Lady Scott and her daughters have always been fond of boating and outdoor sports generally. It is said, I know not with what truth, that, now the Countess has obtained the relief for which she craved, she will no longer be seen in public.

Jubilee of Sir John Sinclair.

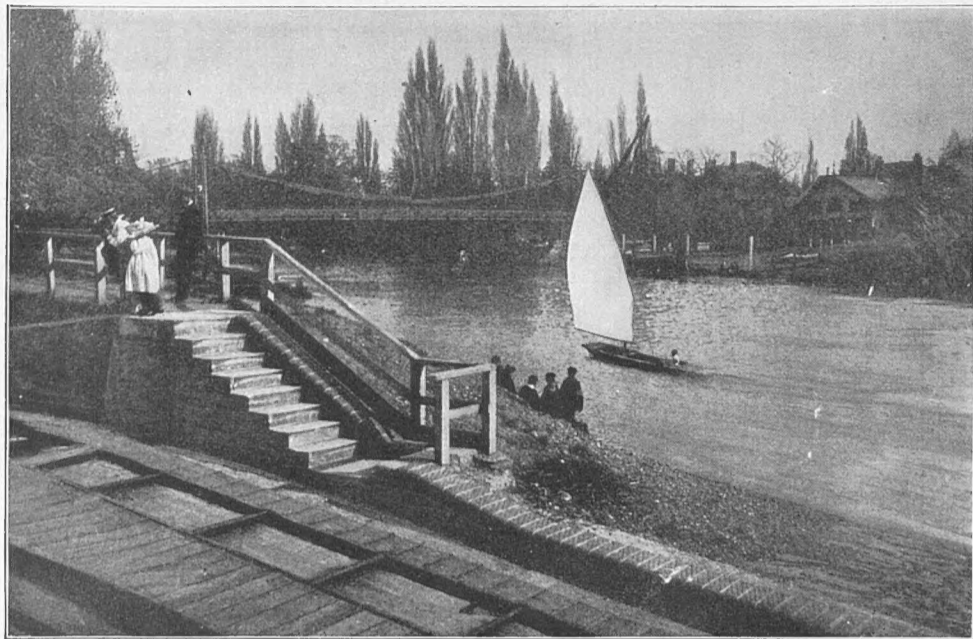
Preparations are being made to celebrate the jubilee of Sir John George Tollemache Sinclair, Bart., of Thurso Castle, Caithness, as his father, Sir George Sinclair, M.P., the friend of William IV., handed over the management of the Ulbster estates to him in 1851. Sir John, who was a Lieutenant in the Scots Guards, was born in Edinburgh in 1825, and succeeded his father in 1868. He owns about seventy-eight thousand acres. His grandfather, the first Baronet, was the most famous Scotsman of his day, founder of the Board of Agriculture, and originator of the first "Statistical Account of Scotland" (1791-9), which contains a description of every parish in Scotland.

Baron Lovat.

A truly Highland welcome is in store for Lord Lovat on his return from South Africa. It was while a pupil at the Abbey School, at Fort Augustus, that Lord Lovat succeeded to his immense property, and his Lordship, who wants some months of completing his thirtieth year, is now one of the most widely known and popular land-magnates in the north of the kingdom. As Chief of the Clan Fraser, Lord Lovat is head of one of the oldest families in Scotland. Before his name became something of a household word in connection with the corps of Scouts he enrolled in the Highlands, and with which he has done good service in South Africa, Lord Lovat won distinction as a geographer and traveller. He has hunted in Ethiopia and talked with its sable Monarch. He was prostrated with fever towards the close of his adventurous career in Abyssinia, but immediately he recovered he set to work in preparing an extremely interesting descriptive lecture of his wanderings. The necessity of additional men for South Africa enforced itself upon him at the end of 1899, and he set about the enrolment of his Scouts.

Spring on the Thames.

London in the winter is not so bad, but when the smiling spring comes round once again I am inclined to weary a little of pavements and restaurants and theatres. My soul longs for the river-bank, the splash of the oar, the gleam of the sun on the water. Hence, just now, these pictures of



THE ROLLERS AND BRIDGE, TEDDINGTON.

Teddington appeal to me strongly. I trust many of my readers will be induced by glancing at them to snatch a spring holiday by visiting Teddington itself, which may be reached by river on board the elegant Saloon Steamboat *Queen Elizabeth*.

The Bridal of the Week.

Stamford Town, immortalised by the greatest Victorian singer, is *en fête*, for Lord Exeter's marriage to Miss Myra Orde-Powlett is being celebrated in the good old style, the happy and generous bridegroom entertaining over five hundred of his tenants and friends at the various excellent hotels of which the old town boasts. The Lord of Burghley carries on the excellent traditions left by his forefathers, for this, the elder, branch of the Cecil family has ever been renowned for its hospitality. The famous Elizabethan statesman from whom Lord Exeter is directly descended entertained his Sovereign at Stamford twelve times, each of the Royal visits costing the host about ten thousand pounds of our money! The young Peer—he is in his twenty-fifth year—was an only son, and recently succeeded his grandfather. His bride, who bears the quaint and unusual names of Myra Rowena Sibell, is the youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Bolton, and a niece of Lord Scarbrough and Lady Grosvenor.

Lord Salisbury.

If rumour is reliable, statesmen think chiefly of resigning. But why should Lord Salisbury resign? It is true that he is over seventy and that he has had an attack of influenza. It is said also that he is weary of the burden of State. This, however, is merely rumour. The love of power, as a rule, grows with its exercise, and the Cecils, although described as cynical, are not suspected of lack of ambition. Patriotism will keep Lord Salisbury at his post as long as possible. If he withdrew, there might be rivalries in the Cabinet and dissension in the joint Unionist Party, and the country would regret the loss of his unrivalled experience of foreign affairs.

"C.-B.'s" Cold.

As "C.-B." had a cold and kept indoors for several days, it was rumoured that he also thought of resigning. There is no reason in his age for such a thought. Sir Henry is only sixty-five, and he is hale and hearty. The rumour, which runs in spite of himself, is based on the notion that he is tired of leading an undisciplined Party with half-hearted colleagues at his side. But the Party has been less divided against itself this Session than for several years past. Mr. Asquith is a loyal lieutenant; Sir Edward Grey keeps out of the way; and although Sir William Harcourt is sometimes too conspicuous, his aim is to maintain "C.-B." in the chief place. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is liked by the whole of the Liberals.

An Interesting Golden Wedding.

Lord and Lady Ripon, who last week celebrated their Golden Wedding, are among the oldest and most valued friends of King Edward and Queen Alexandra—indeed, Lady Ripon was for some years

Lady-of-the-Bedchamber to Her Majesty, and one of the first country-house visits made by the then Princess of Wales after her marriage was to Studley Royal in 1863. It has been rumoured that Lord Ripon will, in due course, be offered a Dukedom, and this would be a fitting conclusion to the career of the Peer who, as a young man, was nicknamed

by his friends and rivals "Prosperity Robinson." Lord and Lady Ripon are very popular in the city whose name they share, and it is suggested that a fitting memorial of their Golden Wedding would be the building of a Convalescent Home, the more so that the Golden bride is known to be particularly interested in the scheme. Lord and Lady Ripon have only one child, the popular Treasurer of the Queen's Household, Earl de Grey. Their daughter-in-law was formerly known as the lovely Gladys, Lady Lonsdale; although she has now been Lady de Grey some fifteen years, she is as beautiful as she was in the early 'eighties, and this although she is the mother of one of last year's prettiest débutantes, Lady Juliette Lowther.

A Wedding Fortnight.

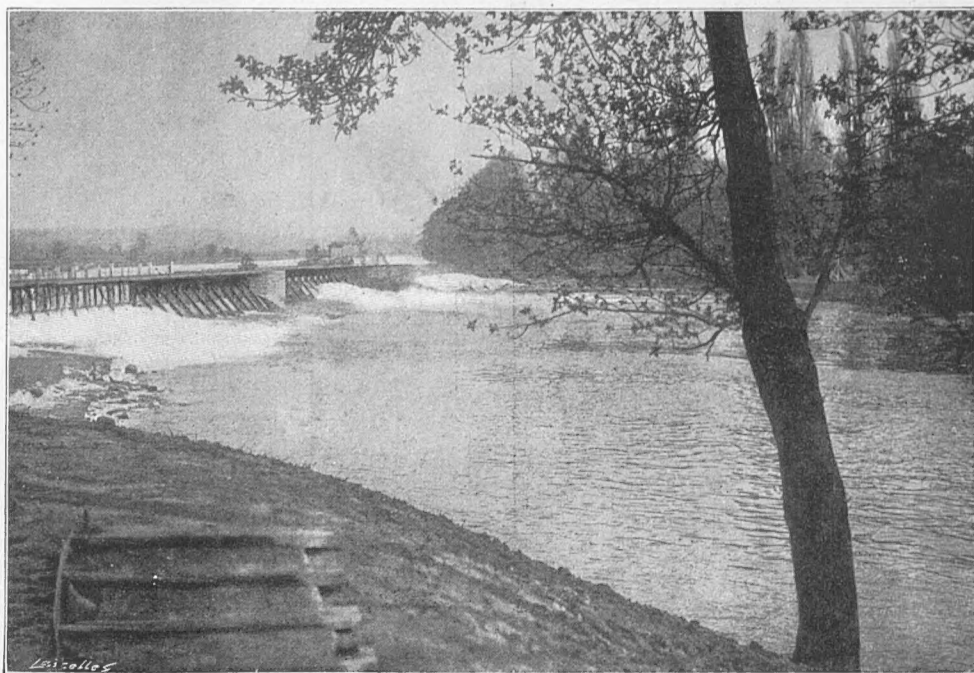
Quite a record number of weddings will take place during the next fortnight, for few people, however strong-minded, care to defy popular superstition by marrying in May. Curiously enough, May is considered an unlucky wedding month in France and Italy, as well as in English-speaking countries, and very rarely does a Royal marriage take place in the Merrie Month.

Some April Brides.

Among April brides is Miss Miriam Cherry, who becomes Mrs. Herbert Taylor to-morrow (18th). Miss Lettice Wormald, the pretty heiress, will be married some few days later to Mr. Claud Lambton, one of Lord Durham's good-looking younger brothers. Miss Hall, the great friend and adopted sister of Miss Van Wort, will wed Mr. Walsham Hare on the last day of April. It is also probable that clever Lady Helen Craven and Lady Sybil Cuffe will be among this month's brides.

Lord Rosebery: Past, Present, and Future.

In the report of a speech of Lord Rosebery's at Edinburgh a short time ago, his Lordship was represented as having said, "I am not a great admirer of the House of Lords." What he did say was that he was not a great "attender." Lord Rosebery could hardly make that assertion just now, for his attendances at the House during the time that has gone of the present Session have passed the aggregate of some entire Sessions. It is now twelve months since the ex-Premier effected his "personal enfranchisement" in his withdrawal from the Scottish Liberal and Midlothian Liberal Associations, and it has been noted of late that his Lordship has drifted in the direction of the Liberal-Unionist Peers and away from his former colleagues on the front Opposition bench. It is also noteworthy that Lord Rosebery has developed much greater cordiality towards Lord Northbrook than towards Lord Spencer. His Lordship's advice, it is an open secret, had a considerable effect on the recent Wolseley and Lansdowne discussion. In his still-isolated political position, Lord Rosebery, who has been enjoying the sunny skies of Italy, is interesting himself, as Lord Rector of Glasgow University, in the arrangements now in progress for the celebration of the ninth jubilee of Scotland's oldest University early in June.



SPRING ON THE THAMES: TEDDINGTON WEIR.

Largest Ship in the World.

Bravo, Belfast! The busy and enterprising port of the North of Ireland, famous for being the headquarters of the great shipbuilding firm of Messrs. Harland and Wolff, has added to its lustre by strengthening our merchant navy with the biggest ship afloat. A sincere admirer of the skill and indomitable energy of that eminent firm, I have particular pleasure in giving a photograph of the colossal White Star Liner *Celtic* as she appeared after her successful launch on the 4th inst. A most distinguished group assisted at the auspicious ceremony, there being on the reserved platform, near the bow of the leviathan, Countess Cadogan (who represented the Lord-Lieutenant), the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry, the Marquis and Marchioness of Dufferin, the Marquis of Hertford, Lord and Lady Shaftesbury, Mr. James Ismay, the Lord Mayor of Belfast, and Mr. W. J. Pirrie, the Chairman of Messrs. Harland and Wolff, whose history would make a notable chapter in the annals of British commerce. The *Celtic* glided into the water with ease, and towered up in the Victoria Basin, a magnificent monument of Messrs. Harland and Wolff's supreme ability in the art of building ships. No less than 700 feet in length, 75 feet broad, and 49 feet deep, the *Celtic* has a gross tonnage of 20,880, is beautifully appointed, and will have accommodation for 2,859 passengers and a crew of 335.

M. Pichon's Successor.

The new French Minister to China, M. Paul Beau (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*), is still young, forty-three, and is said to be a bachelor, which will interest the European young ladies at Peking. He is unknown to diplomatic fame, and this is his first position abroad. He has been

fifteen acres, and is said to be worth to-day more than ten million francs. This domain was a residence of Buonaparte while First Consul.

Hirsch Millions in the Marriage Market.

The marriage is announced in France of the adopted son of the late Baron and Baroness Hirsch, Baron Deforest, with the beautiful Madame Menier, widow of the late Albert Menier, once well known on the European Turf. Baron Deforest is of English nationality, and is a Lieutenant in the Norfolk Artillery ("The Prince of Wales's Own"). Madame Menier, who is daughter to the proprietor of the Paris daily, the *Journal*, was the centre of a gay circle during her husband's short life. He was the son of the "King" of Anticosti, the island which Mr. Chamberlain wants Canada to buy. His life was organised for pleasure on a grand scale. His horses, his jockeys, his yachts, his motor-cars, were all of the most perfect that money could procure; his stables were almost unique in Europe; he had a racecourse under the windows of his château; he gained of pocket-money on the Turf four millions in four years. His life-forces were spent with the same prodigality as his money, and he died young. Madame Menier will not rule over her father-in-law's island-kingdom; but the Fates are good to her, since the Hirsch millions fall into her lap.

The Countess Castiglione.

Paris has learned with stupefaction of the treasures left behind by the celebrated Countess Castiglione, who has recently died, in particular of the fragments of the Tuileries, sculptured panels, and so on, which nobody knew had survived the destruction of that Palace. There was also found in her



THE LARGEST SHIP IN THE WORLD: THE NEW WHITE STAR LINER "CELTIC." LAUNCHED AT BELFAST ON APRIL 4.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, LONDON AND DUBLIN.

employed for fifteen years at Paris in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and has been for three years part of M. Delcassé's private cabinet. He is, in fact, M. Delcassé's pet pupil, and it is said he has the qualities to do credit to his master. His programme in China is not to make theoretic politics, but to imitate the English policy and turn all his efforts to the developing of French commerce.

Palace of the Minotaur.

The most desirable French Colonial post, that of Governor-General of Algeria, is likely, as matters stand, to go begging. The present incumbent, M. Jonnart, had no sooner settled down in the residential Palace of Mustapha than Madame Jonnart was attacked with typhoid fever, and had to be removed to Nice, where she has lain ever since at death's door. M. Jonnart's predecessor, M. Laferrière, had but time to arrange his lares and penates in the same Palace than his only son was taken ill and died. Mustapha is an earthly paradise, but a Palace where these accidents happen with fatal regularity is not precisely the residence dreamed of by the seekers after place.

The Pope's French Purchase.

The Pope, through the intermediary of his Italian banker, is said to have bought the convent of the Assomptionist Sisters at Paris, which was sold the other day for taxes. It was knocked down at 1,040,000 francs, no one contesting the purchase. The Pope has not made a bad investment. The convent, with its immense park, situated in the rich quarter of Auteuil, which to-morrow will be the centre of the city, covers some ten to

wardrobes the wherewithal to reconstitute the entire history of dress of the French Empire—superb gowns of silk, of satin, of velvet; marvellous cobweb underwear; chests full of priceless antique lace; fifty fans painted by master-hands and set with gems; as many parasols, the handles set with precious stones, each made for some special dress worn by the Countess at the fêtes of the Tuileries or elsewhere, each a souvenir of some conquest at the time when the famous wearer was Queen of Hearts. This extraordinary personage was of Italian origin.

Phil May's Pig.

If any *Sketch* reader who spent his Easter holidays at Boulogne-sur-Mer (adds my Paris Correspondent) came across the leg of a pig, it belongs to Phil May, and should be returned to the owner. I met the genial artist, whose cigar is never extinguished, and who is taking a well-deserved seaside holiday, and he astonished me by remarking almost ruefully, "My pig has lost one of its legs." The resources of Phil are admittedly unlimited, but I had never imagined him in the farming line. "No," he said; "it's like this. Somebody gave me a pig when I got to Boulogne and assured me that it was the French sign of a *porte-bonheur*. And it was. My success in every mortal direction was almost proverbial. Some pals came over for the holidays, and decided to follow me and the pig in all our joint wanderings. Everything went wrong, and, said I to myself, 'Something's wrong with that pig,' and I had a look at it. It had lost one leg." And, before you had time to sympathise, the joyous Phil placed the poor beast—in the form of a watch-chain pendant—on the table and sadly regarded the wreck.

Lost Art-Treasures.

Apropos of the recovery of Gainsborough's "Duchess of Devonshire," I wonder whether the French Government, when it has washed all its dirty linen, will not seriously consider its position in regard to the innumerable national art-treasures in private collections? As the result of the many revolutions during the late century—and particularly during the



DR. WARRE, HEADMASTER OF ETON, WHO HAS RECEIVED THE ROYAL VICTORIAN ORDER FROM HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

Photo by Russell, Windsor.

Commune—pictures and statues belonging to the State were stolen and illegally sold. As such a deal is at once immoral and uncommercial, it would be satisfactory to see some drastic measure taken to re-collect the lost national treasures of France.

The Lucky Thirteen.

In regard to superstition of the most topsyturvydom order, none can equal the French. Thirteen at a table they regard as fatal; outside the house, as the luckiest of numbers. On a racecourse, half the gentler sex back two numbers, one from some vague religious conviction—the "7"—and the other the "13." And, after all, there must be some chance in numbers, for, when I was at Autenil races on Easter Tuesday, the horses numbered "13" came up easy and profitable winners in three successive races. The Frenchman fears to return to his house if he has forgotten anything in the morning, but gleefully passes under a ladder. He believes in the sequence of three—good or bad—in everything, and regards the spilling of salt as a happy omen, except on a Friday. One sinister but much-adopted charm (hidden in the lining of the coat) is a scarf-pin representing a man hanging on a gibbet. This is respectfully dedicated to the "Thirteen Club."

Villebois-Mareuil.

As every Englishman respects a brave man, it is satisfactory to hear that the Paris street bearing the name of Villebois-Mareuil, of Transvaal fame, will be in the fashionable Trocadéro quarter. The idea of the Paris Municipal Council to give the name to a blind alley on the site of the demolished Mazas Prison was about in keeping with that strange body's idea of humour.

The Cantabs in Paris.

Trinity College, Cambridge, had a magnificent reception in Paris when they played the Rugby team of the Racing Club. I chatted with a number of the 'Varsity men, and they admitted that

they were astounded at the cordiality on all hands. If Englishmen read the Paris "seare-head" papers less and saw the French a little more, they would find that Rochefort and Millevoye were treated as two jokes, and that Jacques Bonhomme is a good friend.

Paris Exhibition Dangers.

I regret that from all sides comes the wail of those who lent art-treasures to the Exhibition. Careless packing and unnecessary haste have led to the complete destruction in certain cases and irreparable damage in others of works that can never be replaced. The English police are to be congratulated on the care they took of the Burne-Jones collection in the British Pavilion. Any suggestion to hurry was treated with typical insular phlegm.

Alfred Capus.

The man of the hour in theatrical circles in Paris is Alfred Capus, who has broken records by withdrawing "La Veine" from the Comédie-Française and producing it at the Variétés. Capus has not lost his head by the success that, in the space of three months, has made him the most sought-after dramatist in Paris. He still occupies his simple but highly artistic little flat in the Rue des Martyrs, and when I pass him, nearly every morning, I can hardly credit that the somewhat sad-eyed, unobtrusive-looking man is other than a commercial traveller in a small way, and not Lutetia's latest lion.

Dr. Warre, Headmaster of Eton.

It is inevitable that some of the fierce light that beats upon Windsor Castle should penetrate to the cool cloisters and historic playing-fields of Eton College. But, of all the famous Etonians who have lately come under the notice of the public, none is more deserving of recognition than the Headmaster himself, the Rev. Edmund Warre, D.D., who has just received the Royal Victorian Order from His Majesty the King. Dr. Warre has seen many changes at Eton since he first obtained an appointment there as Assistant-Master in 1860. He has also scored many triumphs. Perhaps, next to the honour paid to him by his Sovereign, he is most pleased just now with the success of his son, who helped to row the latest Oxford boat to victory at Mortlake, and with the fact that the winning crew rowed in a boat specially designed by the Doctor. Dr. Warre is himself an oarsman of renown, having been three years in the Oxford boat, 1857-59, and President of the "O.U.B.C." In addition to being Headmaster of our leading Public School, he is Hon. Chaplain to the King and Hon. Colonel of the 2nd Bucks (Eton Coll.) R.V.

A burlesque parody on "The Pretty Maidens" sestet from "Florodora" will shortly be introduced into the still popular "Messenger Boy" at the Gaiety.

Electric Trams in London.

I believe South London was the first to start electric trams within the Metropolitan area. In following this example, the promoters of the new line of commodious electric cars from Shepherd's Bush to Kew scored an instant success the week before Easter. No less than 100,000 passengers were conveyed on the first day, and 150,000 on Good Friday. Conveniently situated near the Shepherd's Bush terminus of the "Twopenny Tube" is the starting-place of the Kew Electric Tram-line. Its popularity cannot fail to increase largely the public attendance at Kew Gardens, which might well be opened earlier in the morning than they are. What we have to guard against in London now is the danger of the Paris boulevards—the perilous rush through the main thoroughfares of motor-cars and of automobile omnibuses hideous to the sight.



THE Kew TERMINUS OF THE NEW ELECTRIC TRAMWAY BETWEEN KEW AND HAMMERSMITH, OPENED ON THURSDAY, APRIL 4.

*English Footballers
in Berlin.*

In his Easter letter, the Berlin Correspondent of *The Sketch* says that, despite the rainy weather, the Surrey Wanderers played their match against a Berlin team called "Britannia," beating them seven to three. On the preceding Saturday they had made a very poor show indeed, allowing themselves to be beaten by "Preussen," a first-class Berlin team, by



MISS ELLA MOORE, AN ATTRACTIVE LITTLE LADY WHO HAS BEEN PLAYING IN "FLORODORA."

Photo by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

eight to two. The numerous English spectators, who had been attracted by the huge, flaring placards announcing a great match between England and Germany, were much disappointed. On Easter Monday great excitement was displayed at a suburb of Berlin, called Friedenau, over a great cycle-race. "America's champion cyclist," a negro called Major Taylor, had arrived to compete, and, after a very stern race, was just beaten by Germany's best rider, Willy Arends. There were at least twelve thousand spectators present.

*The British
Embassy Extra-
ordinary to Berlin.*

At 11 p.m. on Easter Sunday, the Duke of Abercorn, with his suite, arrived at the Friedrichstrasse Station, where they were met informally by the British Ambassador, Sir Frank Lascelles, Lord Gough, and the other members of the Embassy at Berlin. On the Monday, the visitors were privately entertained at lunch by Sir Frank Lascelles. On the Tuesday, they were presented to His Imperial Majesty in the Castle, where they were royally entertained in the evening at a great banquet. The only Englishman asked to the dinner besides the Embassy Extraordinary was the British Chaplain, the Rev. J. H. Fry, M.A. Mr. Fry, however, having only a few days previously lost his youngest son, obtained special dispensation through Sir Frank Lascelles, who himself explained the matter to the Kaiser, from accepting the invitation.

*The German
Crown Prince.*

The German Emperor will accompany his eldest son to Bonn on the 23rd of April, when the Crown Prince's University studies commence. On that occasion, a deputation, headed by Professor Franz Wüllner, of Cologne, will wait upon His Majesty, in order to ask of him a favour, namely, that His Majesty should attend in person the Musical Festival at Cologne. The Festival in question, which always attracts thousands of visitors to the Rhine, will be held on Whit-Sunday, Whit-Monday, and Whit-Tuesday.

Ober-Ammergau.

Visitors to Ober-Ammergau (adds my Berlin Correspondent) will be interested to hear that the Passion Plays of last year resulted in a net surplus of £11,250. Of this sum, £850 has been set aside for the erection of a building wherein to practise the Play at the intermediary seasons, and £500 for the improvement of the roads in the near neighbourhood of Ober-Ammergau; £1400 will be used for the establishment of a new wood-carving school, while £500 is being spent to "boom" the place as a summer resort.

*Lord Stair and the
Bank of Scotland.*

The eighty-second birthday of the Earl of Stair was the occasion of an interesting function performed the other day by Lord Balfour of Burleigh in the Bank of Scotland at Edinburgh. This was the unveiling of a full-length portrait of the octogenarian Earl, who has held the office of Governor of the Bank for over thirty years. The portrait, executed by Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A., will be on view at the forthcoming exhibition of the New Gallery, and is certain to create much interest.

*The Marquis of
Bute and his
Gillies.*

The young Marquis of Bute, who is at present sojourning in Palestine—the Holy Fields of which now possess an added interest to his Lordship as they have the heart of his father in their trust—while in some respects he resembles his parent in his tastes, has a distinct individuality, which has been asserting itself of late in unexpected directions and creating something akin to consternation among a class of his servants. Lord Bute has a decided partiality, it would seem, for the garb of Old Gaul, and he wants his gamekeepers, it is said, to don the kilt. A certain liberty is granted to the young gamekeepers, who may wear knickerbockers if they so desire; but the head-keeper, when out shooting with the young Lord, must appear in full Highland garb. As some of the keepers are going to Bute from the South of England, they naturally regard the prospect as somewhat chilly.

*The late Mr. George
M. Smith.*

The desire expressed some time ago by the late Mr. George M. Smith, that he might live to see the completion of his great undertaking, the "Dictionary of National Biography," was happily realised by the eminent publisher, the final volume having been issued towards the close of last year, and arrangements made, under his supervision, for the Supplement. While his name will always be associated with the Dictionary—a work that in inception and achievement, under the careful editorship of Mr. Sidney Lee, is distinctively National—Mr. Smith will also be remembered as the early patron and friend of Charlotte Brontë, as well as her publisher. The house of Smith, Elder, of which he was the head, has been honourably associated with many of the great writers of the Victorian era, and to Mr. Smith pertained the honour of establishing the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Cornhill Magazine*, the first Editor of the latter having



THE LATE MR. GEORGE M. SMITH,
FOUNDER OF THE "CORNHILL," "PALL MALL GAZETTE," AND THE "DICTIONARY OF
NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY."

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

been Thackeray. What a beautiful and touching tribute Sir John Millais paid his old friend! "I should like to see George Smith," the President of the Royal Academy expressed himself on his death-bed; "he is the kindest man and the best gentleman I have had to deal with." Would there were more like him!

THE SOCIAL JESTER



PLYMOUTH—FROM A HOTEL WINDOW.

IT was Thursday night when I, aglow with the ingenuous anticipation of the absurdly innocent, arrived at Plymouth. The avowed object of my journey was to meet a boat from South Africa, but it also occurred to me that you, my dear young lady, would be interested to hear my impressions of this famous old seaport town. The South African boat was due about Friday noon, and I therefore determined that Friday morning should be devoted to sight-seeing.

Having entered my name, with three splashes and a flourish, in the hotel-book, washed, and eaten, I set about the hall-porter, and succeeded in convincing him that I was desirous of obtaining some information. "Where," said I, "is the Parade?"

"Parade, sir?" repeated the porter, stamping twice on the hotel-mat and adjusting his necktie.

"The Parade." I spoke with elaborate distinctness.

"Yes, sir! Quite so, sir! Which Parade would it be that you were wanting, sir?"

"How many are there? A dozen?"

The porter smiled at my sally in a humouring manner.

"Oh no, sir! There's just the one really, sir; but that's not the Parade, as you might say, sir."

I stepped up to the man, prepared to put matters on a proper footing. He, touching his cap, stepped back.

"Now," said I, "take it slowly, and don't get flurried. This is Plymouth, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir!" He looked me in the eye with the touching confidence of a little child.

"And boats come in here from various parts of the world, don't they?"

"Steamboats. Yes, sir! Have you seen the harbour, sir?"

"Never mind the harbour! Now, you also have shipping agents in Plymouth, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Very well. The shipping agents I want to see have their offices on the Parade." I showed him, to impress the fact on his mind, their note-paper. "Now, where is this Parade?"

The porter pursed up his lips, looked at me out of the corners of his eyes, and smiled shrewdly.

"Well, you see, sir, it isn't no Parade—not properly speaking. If I was you, I should go—"

"This," said I, wagging a forefinger at him, "comes of reading halfpenny papers. Instead of leavening your facts with opinions, you barely condescend to leaven your opinions with facts. I want to see these agents. They live on the Parade. Where's the Parade?"

"I don't think you'll find they live there, sir," he said.

"My good man," said I, clenching my teeth and wondering vaguely whether it would be convenient for the hotel authorities to dispose of a corpse at that time of night, "I don't care a red cent where they live!"

"Then it doesn't much matter where it is," said the porter, touching his cap for the last time, and stepping back into the lift.

I dashed forward, but the iron gates were shut. Before I had finished my remarks in the imperative mood, the enemy had taken up a strong position on the third storey.

Consoling myself with the reflection that it was then too late, in any case, to visit the agents, I turned into the smoking-room. There were two other visitors in the smoking-room, one of whom was burdened with a "man," and the other with a fur coat. The "man," of course, wasn't actually on view, but so many references were made to him that I am sure the fellow was dreadfully on his master's mind.

With regard to the fur coat, however, so much of it was on view, and so perpetually, that it seemed as though this preposterously magnificent piece of tailoring had engaged, for purposes of display, the exclusive services of the dear little fellow with the monocle who walked about with it. Thus, during the whole of my visit—and I stayed, as will be shown hereafter, quite some time at Plymouth—I constantly met the fur coat in various parts of the hotel, and always escorted by the dear little fellow with the monocle. Now it was in the writing-room, lolling offensively against the back of a chair whilst its faithful attendant wrote out a telegram; then it was in the Lounge, chuckling vaingloriously over the curtains and carpet whilst its humble servitor lit a cigarette. Once the same fur coat had a difference with the monocled one on the stairs, the result being that the poor little fellow was tripped up, thrown down, and generally treated with the basest ingratitude. In revenge for this, however, he allowed the sleeve of the coat to catch in the lift, and, as the sound of furry groans went up to the hotel-roof, I saw him chuckle to himself in a malignant and sardonic fashion.

On Friday, I found the agents—in spite of the porter—and learnt that the boat would probably be in that afternoon. In the interval, therefore, I looked at the barracks, rushed across the Hoe, and glanced at the old Eddystone Lighthouse. So anxious was I, however, to be at the hotel when the agents rang me up on the

telephone to say that the South African boat was coming in, that I cut my sight-seeing very short and hurried back to the hotel. There was no news of the boat, so I lunched, and then turned into the smoking-room to wait for the call.

The windows of the hotel looked out on to the Great Western Railway Station. It is a fine station, the exterior shell being mainly composed of brick, stones, mortar, and kindred substances. Soon after the arrival of trains, people come out of the station, and the close observer will generally be able to discover when a train is on the point of departure by watching the people go into the station. It occurred to me, at the time, that I might invent a new and original parlour-game on the subject of railway stations. I forget, now, what my ideas really were, but I know that the general scheme was sufficiently worrying to ensure instant success and unfailing popularity.

As I smoked my cigarette after lunch and watched the station, it rather amused me. Tiring after a time, however, I turned to the *Western Morning News*, and read it from cover to cover. There was not a dull page in it. Having had my money's worth out of this generous sheet, I went to the window again, and watched the station steadily for two hours. Then dinner was announced, and, after dinner, I went back to the smoking-room and continued to watch the station. I also watched it—to cut an inordinately long story short—throughout the whole of Saturday, and Sunday found me still watching it. As I have now reached the limit of my allotted space—and also, I fear, of your patience—you must leave me to watch the station until next week. This much, however, I may tell you: I am not watching it still.



THE MAN IN THE FUR COAT.

Chico

POT-POURRI OF SIR HENRY IRVING AND HIS LATE COLLEAGUES OF "THE TWO ROSES."

I HAVE the pleasure of publishing for the first time an interesting old photograph which will have its measure of interest for the present generation of active playgoers as well as for that sturdy but fast-dwindling band who are *laudatores temporis acti*. Taken in the spring of 1871, the group represents the members of

THE FIRST PROVINCIAL "TWO ROSES" COMPANY

(together with two mysterious non-professionals) in their habits as they lived. Added interest is given to the whole by the fact that at least five members of the group were in the original cast of the late James Albery's dainty domestic comedy when it first saw the light at the Vaudeville on June 4, 1870.

"And to see how many of mine old acquaintances are dead!" might well be the reflection of Sir Henry Irving, as he gazes upon this picture

And what, too, could be more contrasted than the deaths of a man and a woman in this group?

POOR AMY FAWSITT,

starving and hopeless in New York, murdered in cold blood by a callous miscreant on the Boxing Day of 1876! In keeping with the fitness of things was it that, although laid to her rest far from her home and friends, Lottie was not deserted in her death by her beloved Jack.

HANDSOME HARRY MONTAGUE,

whose own short course was almost run, happened to be in New York at the time of her death, and was one of the four whose heart was pierced by the rattle of the clods on her coffin. In marked contrast to the taking-off of the hapless Amy Fawsitt was the passing away of W. H. Stephens, a conscientious artist with a meritorious record in three

Mrs. Billings.

Mr. C. W. Garthorne. Miss Louise Claire.

Henry Irving.

Mr. W. H. Stephens.



Mr. George Honey.

Miss Ida Hertz.

Mr. H. J. Montague.

Miss Amy Fawsitt.

PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PROVINCIAL "TWO ROSES" COMPANY, TAKEN BY CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN, IN MAY 1871.

from the past. Of Digby Grant's old associates—Jack Wyatt and his trusting Lottie; Blind Caleb, with his preternatural sense of hearing; Our Mr. Jenkins, that obsolete type of bagman; and Mr. Furnival, the *deus ex machina* of the piece—all have completed their earthly pilgrimage. Never in weaving the warp and weft of a constellation of poor mortals from the motley materials at their command have the dread sisters, the Paræ, mingled such varied strands of strength and weakness, genius and inefficiency, happiness and misfortune, as in the present instance. Check by jowl in the group beside two individuals whose identity cannot even be guessed at we

FIND A THESPIAN KING

who had not yet come to his own—"The Bells" were to make memorable and most melodious music only six months later—but conscious of his right divine, and believing implicitly in his mission to

Make this iron age
More grand and fair in story;
Illumine our Shakspeare's sacred page
With new and deathless glory;
Refresh the love of noble fame
In hearts all sadly faring,
And light anew the dying flame
Of genius and of daring.

continents. A devout Catholic, Stephens died while on his knees during the celebration of mass at Brook Green Church. That admirable low-comedian, George Honey, died some years later.

The career of Harry Montague may at this juncture point a moral and adorn a tale. Too many men and women of his class are now to be found pursuing a mistaken course upon the stage. Montague was one of the earliest of players to bring the

HOTHOUSE AROMA OF MAYFAIR OVER THE FOOTLIGHTS,

although he was nothing higher originally than a clerk in the City. Without experiencing anything of that salutary drudgery in the provinces then usual with the novice, he stepped straight from the boards of an amateur playhouse to a commanding position on the London stage. The result was that, from first to last, his art lacked technique and flexibility. By dint of a fascinating individuality, he succeeded beyond expectation; but he could do little more than play himself. He was the same charming fellow off the stage that he was on it; but more artistic qualities are requisite for permanent success. In 1874 he saw fit to go to New York to take the position of leading man at Wallack's Theatre, where in November he was the original Captain Molyneux in "The Shaughraun." Practice and assiduity amid new surroundings were bidding fair to make of him a sound artist, when he took suddenly ill, while on tour as Julian Beaulere in "Diplomacy," and died at San Francisco in 1878 at the early age of thirty-five.

W. J. L.

SIR HENRY IRVING'S GRAND PRODUCTION OF SHAKSPERE'S "CORIOLANUS."

SIR HENRY IRVING'S wonderful revival of the tragedy of "Coriolanus" at the Lyceum should, and doubtless will, be gratefully welcomed by all true playgoers. And not only by reason of its magnificence, but also because, with the exception of Mr. Benson's necessarily less impressive but certainly interesting revival of this play, it comes as an absolute novelty to all playgoers not of an age to remember the late Samuel Phelps's impersonation of the character during his memorable season at Sadler's Wells. And, by the way, it seems strange that this revival of Phelps's should have been ignored not only by certain earlier compilers, but also by those who have of late been moved by Irving's announcement of the play to write more or less extensively concerning certain revivals thereof. These writers have much to say of the great John Philip Kemble—who, according to certain of his contemporaries, *was* Coriolanus; also of his sometime majestic "Roman" rival, Young, and of Macready, whose acting of the Roman renegade, as one may call him, was mostly denounced, although his

As a matter of fact, Sir Henry had never, prior to this Lyceum revival, seen "Coriolanus" played at all. He therefore comes to the play armed only with his well-known enthusiasm as

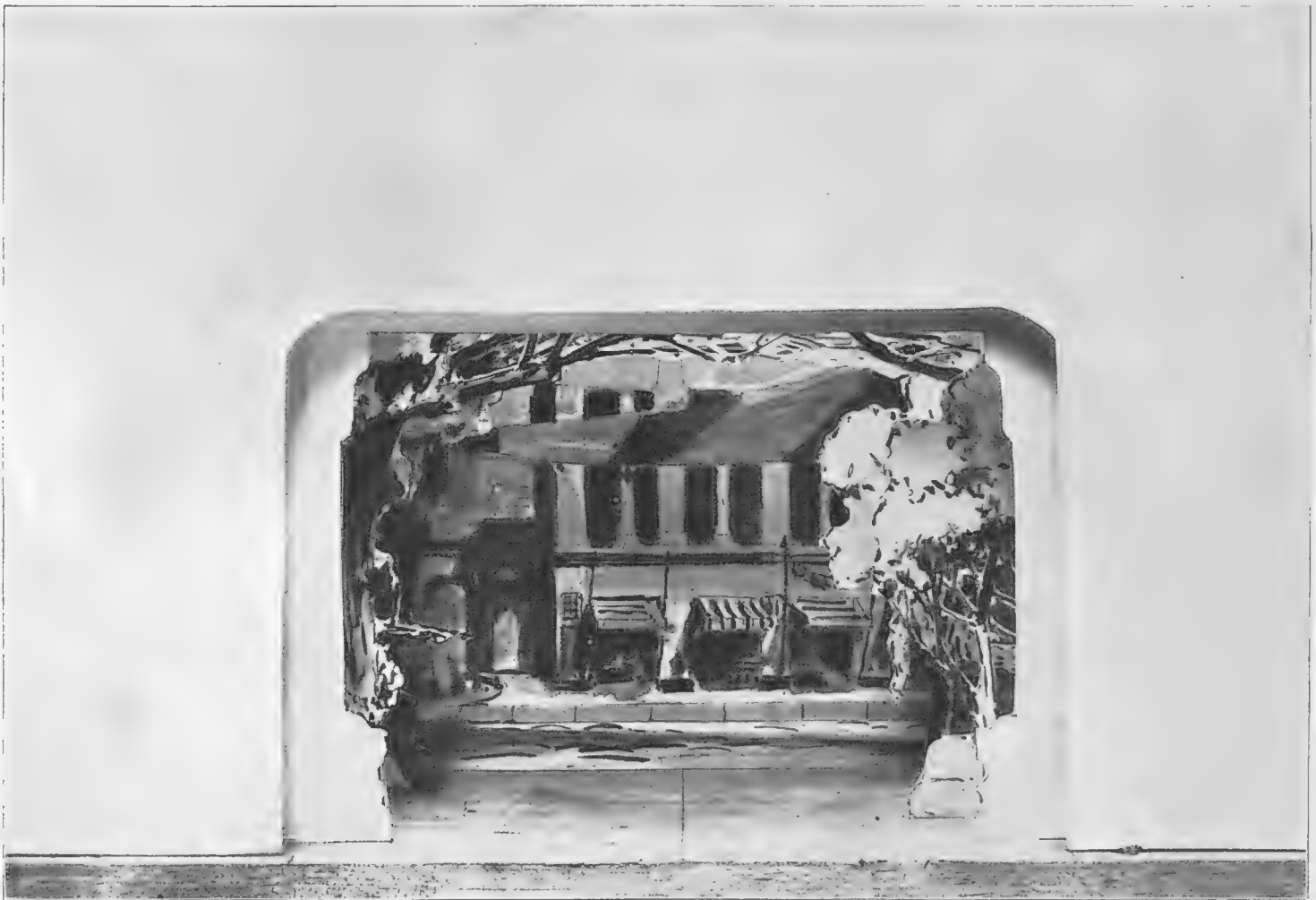
A PROFOUND SHAKSPERIAN STUDENT.

Yet it will be seen that, thanks to his own deep study of the play, in all its many editions, and thanks also to the valuable artistic help of Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema for the designing of the Ancient Roman scenes and dresses, Sir Henry has presented the most marvellous stage-picture of masses of moving crowds ever seen on any stage. It is a *mise-en-scène*, indeed, that would make the reputed author of the tragedy rub his eyes and exclaim, "Can such things be?"

From the many models and pictures taken from

SIR LAWRENCE ALMA-TADEMA'S DESIGNS,

and courteously lent to *The Sketch* by Sir Henry, certain striking specimens have been selected which are sufficient to show that Irving has been even more than usually lavish in his staging of the works of the Bard, the 337th anniversary of whose birth will be celebrated next Tuesday. The pictorial specimens I present are drawn, in some instances, from designs begun by Sir Lawrence exactly twenty years ago,



PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A SMALL MODEL STAGE-SET OF ONE OF SIR L. ALMA-TADEMA'S SCENES FOR "CORIOLANUS."

production of the tragedy was said to be very picturesque and realistic—especially as regards the Mob.

AND YET PHELPS'S "CORIOLANUS"

revival was not only very fine, but his own performance of the name-part was certainly one of the most powerful and natural ever seen. Phelps made a strong point in the Banishment Scene by adopting in the famous lines, "I banish *you*," a lofty disdain instead of the volcanic outburst of "temper" hitherto adopted. Indeed, his "rendition" was, like most of his impersonations, tragic or comic, truly human.

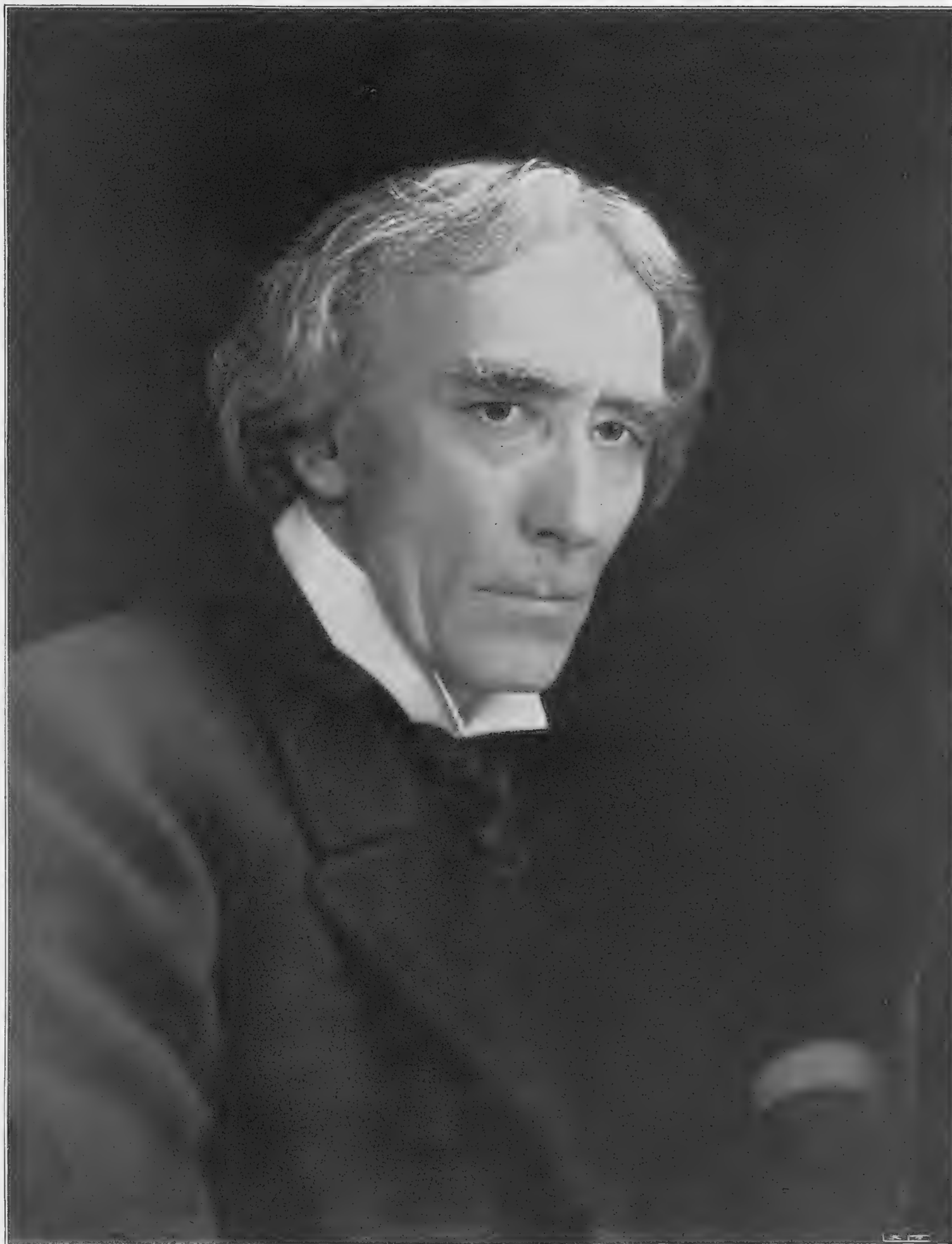
For one other matter this picturesque and excellently played revival of Phelps's should be interesting to proper playgoers, for it was in that revival in 1860 that the fine elocutionist, Mr. Hermann Vezin, then a young "M.A." fresh from his native Philadelphia, made his first appearance at an important London theatre. That Phelps thought well of the comparatively untried Vezin, however, is shown by the fact that he cast him for the trying character of Tullus Aufidius. Strangely enough,

HENRY IRVING, ALTHOUGH A WORSHIPPER AT PHELPS'S SHRINE, fighting his way, like many of us, into "the Wells" night after night, never saw that fine actor's Coriolanus. Nor did he ever see either of the two brief revivals that followed a little later at that house—and were the last before Mr. Benson's—namely, the late Henry Loraine's, and that of the still-surviving tragedian and Balacava hero, Mr. W. H. Pennington.

when the then unknighthed Irving first contemplated a "Coriolanus" revival. They depict the model of a wonderful view near the Forum, and a quaint old Roman street. Among the striking new scenic features in the Lyceum production of "Coriolanus" is the realistic Roman proscenium, which is set just inside the usual proscenium, and forms a sort of local archway, through which one sees the whole of the action of this bustling tragedy of political intrigue and patrician and plebeian interest. One of the best pictures is certainly that showing the exterior of Tullus Aufidius's house at Antium, whither the always bad-tempered and now banished Coriolanus repairs intent upon revenging himself upon his ungrateful country, and finds at first that, though the feast smells well, yet he "appears not like a guest." This most beautiful scene, and certain other equally picturesque

"SETS" BY MESSRS. HAWES CRAVEN, JOSEPH HARKER, AND
WALTER HANN,

form a series of stage-pictures that will not only astonish English playgoers in town and on tour, but will also assuredly startle American ditto when Sir Henry takes this wonderful production of "Coriolanus," lock, stock, and barrel, to the States next October. Indeed, so vast is the amount of labour as well as expense bestowed upon this play, it may safely be said that, like the old original Rome, Irving's Rome was not built in a day. In fact, it has taken many weary months to reach the state in which the Head of his Profession presented it on Monday by the able help of his son Laurence and his fine stage-manager,



SIR HENRY IRVING, Kt.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HIRSTED, BAKER STREET, W.

H. J. Loveday, who was engaged both on the stage and in the orchestra of another Lyceum, namely, that at Sunderland, when Irving made his first appearance on any stage there forty-five years ago.

Pending a full examination in next week's *Sketch* of the special music of Sir Alexander Mackenzie and of Sir Henry's histrionic supporters (including the ever-welcome Miss Ellen Terry as Volumnia), it may be interesting to notify to Shakspeare students that they must expect to find much re-arrangement of the text, and especially of the "scenes," in Sir Henry Irving's version of "Coriolanus." Let such students not be alarmed, however. I found,

ON TALKING THE MATTER OVER WITH SIR HENRY IRVING,

there was no trace of irreverence towards the Bard's play—if it is all his, which I humbly beg leave to doubt. All that has been done is to reconstruct, in some measure, a tragedy which it must be confessed Shakspeare and Co. left in a mostly ill-constructed state. For example, Sir Henry has done away with some of the many changes of scenes, which changes amount to ten in the original first Act and six in the last.

Moreover, it has to be added that, in thus re-arranging "Coriolanus" for the stage, the latest re-arranger has shown himself

MORE MERCIFUL TO SHAKSPEARE'S SCRIPT

than those who have gone before. It is doubtful whether any play has suffered so much at the hands of so-called "adapters" as "Coriolanus," a tragedy which Dr. Johnson coolly described as one of Shakspeare's "most amusing performances." Take, for example, old Nahum Tate, the Hymn-writer, who audaciously "re-wrote" the play, dropping in all sorts of new characters and incidents, and calling it "The Ingratitude of a Commonwealth," forsooth! Or that curmudgeonly critic so hated by Mr. Pope of Twickenham, John Dennis, who was guilty of a "Coriolanus" perversion which he called "The Invader of his Country." Or, passing by the poet Thomson's idiotic version for tragedian Quin, what would be said nowadays to that strange and much "gagged" "Coriolanus" concoction prepared by that so-called "Noblest Roman of them All," the Great John Philip Kemble himself? No, whatever defects the original

"Coriolanus" may possess in a dramatic sense—especially in its lack of love-interest—playgoers have to thank Sir Henry for giving the most reverent re-arrangement yet vouchsafed as well as the most beautiful and realistic production thereof yet seen.

In addition to all this, considerable interest (not to say discussion) will assuredly be aroused by Irving's very independent "reading" of the honourable but haughty Roman warrior who could not (as Aufidius truly says) "carry his honours even," and of whom even his friend Menenius remarks, "The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes."

After witnessing part of the rehearsals of "Coriolanus," and scrutinising with Sir Henry the astonishing number of designs and sections thereof prepared for the production, I felt impelled to put a few questions to him touching the latest phase of the long-talked-of subsidised theatre,

THE REPORTED CARNEGIE HIGH-CLASS PLAYHOUSE SCHEME.

"An endowed theatre is an old idea of mine," quoth Sir Henry. "I believe that such a playhouse would be a tremendous benefit to the

public, not only from an amusement point of view, but, as a factor in education, its influence would be enormous. We have scholarships for those engaged in the pursuit of learning, and schools of painting and of music are richly endowed. Why should the theatre be left in the cold? At any rate, the experiment of an endowed theatre would, I think, be well worthy of a trial.

"Such a theatre would, of course," continued the Lyceum Knight, "be devoted, I take it, to the performance of True Drama, and the line of demarcation between the proper work of the stage and the miscellaneous production now so often seen in the theatres would be finely drawn. It may be that, in years to come, our fellow-citizens will find it difficult to realise that in these days so vast an investment for good or for ill was left so entirely neglected by the administration of the public."

Knowing Irving and his views pretty intimately on this theme and on most things, I was, naturally, prepared somewhat for this expression of opinion. I was also not utterly unexpectant of his next remark—

"Yes, it is impossible in ordinary circumstances," added Sir Henry, "for a private individual to run a theatre mainly for the production of Shakspeare and other classical dramas."

"Yet you did it yourself for many years at the Lyceum," I remarked.

"Yes, for twenty-one years," rejoined England's leading actor, "and experience has brought my conclusions."

And so I left him to energetically resume his directing of the stage—an art in which he is, as in most of his impersonations, without a rival in the whole theatrical world.

H. CHANCE NEWTON.

MISS EMMA BOCCARDO.

Miss Emma Boccardo is a young lady whose rise in the musical and theatrical profession has been rapid, perhaps because she took care to be well equipped before embarking therein. Miss Boccardo is an Italian, born in historic Venice, but from the tender age of two and a-half years she was "raised" (as Americans say) in Paris. Her education started there, was anon continued in England, and concluded in Italy. In that land of song she studied singing under various eminent maestri, finishing up in Paris with

M. Duvernoy. Miss Boccardo made her début at St. James's Hall, London, where she was recalled four times. She anon decided to go upon the stage, and has for some time been playing with great success Miss Marie Tempest's characters—Maia in "A Greek Slave" and O Mimosa San in "The Geisha"—in Messrs. Morell and Mouillot's touring company. At the expiration of this engagement, Miss Boccardo will be seen at a West-End theatre.

LIFE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Mr. Edwin Markham, whose strange volume of poems, "Fraternalism," aroused discussion in the United States a short time back, and was well received in this country, has written a volume describing the life in San Francisco. Mr. Markham has a fearless pen, and, while the book is hardly likely to be nice reading—life in San Francisco is not nice—it is certain to be written with intimate knowledge and considerable power.



MISS EMMA BOCCARDO, THE ITALIAN PRIMA DONNA, AS O MIMOSA SAN IN "THE GEISHA."

Photo by Russell and Sons, Southsea.

FACSIMILES OF THE "CORIOLANUS" DRAWINGS,
COURTEOUSLY LENT BY SIR HENRY IRVING FOR REPRODUCTION IN "THE SKETCH."



PHOTOGRAPH OF THE TEMPLE CLOTH, DRAWN BY MR. HAWES CRAVEN FROM THE DESIGNS OF SIR L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.



PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE DRAWING OF ANTUM, WHERE THE BANISHED CORIOLANUS GIVES HIS SERVICES TO TULLUS AUFIDIUS.

THE KING'S NAVAL AIDE-DE-CAMP.

Half-a-Century at Sea—Life in the "Wooden Walls" of Old England—Active Service—Training the "Young Idea"—Gallantry Ashore and Afloat.

KING EDWARD always does the right thing, and so, when a vacancy arose the other day for the appointment of a naval officer to his suite, as Principal Aide-de-Camp, he naturally selected for the purpose the best man available. This was

ADMIRAL THE HON. SIR EDMUND ROBERT FREMANTLE, G.C.B., one of the most distinguished of Old England's long list of distinguished sailors. Man and boy, Sir Edmund has sailed the seven seas for half-a-century, devoting himself with untiring energy throughout this period to the service of the Sovereign whose uniform he wore and under whose flag he fought. Indeed, there is no quarter of the habitable globe in which he has not been on duty at some time or other in his career, while the number of campaigns to his credit is five. And these have been some of the most fiercely contested in which the Navy has been engaged for many a long day past, for included among them are the ones that took place in Burma (1852), New Zealand (1864), and Ashanti (1873).

The date when Sir Edmund commenced his

"LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE"

was 1849. Things then were very different in the Navy to what they are nowadays, and the "wooden walls" of that time were commanded by a type of Captain who believed in "hardening" the youngsters. It did not do them much harm, however, for the average "Middy" of fifty years ago developed into quite as capable an officer as does the *Britannia* cadet who has followed him.

Sir Edmund was not long at sea before he found himself on active service, and thus qualifying for the first of the half-dozen medals that he wears. The scene was Burma, where England was then (in 1852) engaged in a tough campaign. British pluck and determination, however, quickly proved more than a match for the enemy, and the operations were in due time brought to a most successful conclusion. By the way, it was in this expedition that Lord Wolseley (then an Ensign) won his spurs.

In 1864, Sir Edmund smelled powder again. The Maoris were displaying such stubbornness that the military forces in New Zealand were not able to cope with them satisfactorily. As a matter of course, accordingly, Bluejackets were landed from the squadron in those waters, and with them went Commander Fremantle (as the future Admiral was at that time). Now, what the British sailor is unable to do in the way of sending his country's enemies to the right-about has not yet been discovered, and so it occasioned no surprise that the Maoris were effectually beaten before very long.

When the Ashanti War of 1873-1874 was in progress, Sir Edmund,

then a Captain, was the senior naval officer on the West Coast of Africa. Accordingly, he took command of the Brigade of Bluejackets that fought side-by-side with the troops on this occasion. Anxious to be wherever the action was hottest, he paid no attention to the enemy's bullets. They, however, did not reciprocate, and the result was that he was severely wounded. Fortunately, he was possessed of so splendid a constitution that he made a good recovery.

Promotion to the rank of Rear-Admiral came to Sir Edmund in 1885, and in the following year he was appointed Second-in-Command of the

CHANNEL SQUADRON.

The responsibilities of this office were discharged by him with such efficiency that he was specially selected in 1888 to go to the East Indies

as Naval Commander-in-Chief. His tenure of this appointment lasted for three years. Shortly after it expired, he went to China in a similar capacity. There also he did particularly well, bringing all ranks under his charge in the "Far East" during the years 1892-1895 to a remarkably high state of efficiency.

On his return to England, Sir Edmund was given the appointment of Naval

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AT PLYMOUTH.

This is rightly regarded as one of the "blue ribbons" of the senior Service, for the position is one of the highest importance, entailing as it does the supervision of the training of the embryo seaman, which to a great extent is carried out at this port. Sir Edmund, who had always taken considerable interest in this subject, has often declared that he was never more congenially employed in his life than he was during the three years he spent at Plymouth. A part of his work consisted in the carrying out of inspections of the ships at this station, and nothing pleased him better than to pay a "surprise visit" to a vessel for this purpose. A naval Captain, however, is not easily caught napping, and whether the Admiral came early or late everything was invariably in apple-pie order. Although a strict disciplinarian, Sir Edmund always preferred to reward rather than to rebuke, and did much to encourage good conduct

among the occupants of the lower-deck. He was a firm believer, too, in the axiom that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and, accordingly, was a zealous supporter of the men's Recreation Clubs.

In addition to his decorations for service in the field, Sir Edmund possesses four others of which he is (and with good reason) even more proud. This is because they were awarded him by the Royal Humane Society and the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society for

SAVING LIFE AT SEA.

He has also been decorated by the German Emperor and the Sultan of Zanzibar. Two of Sir Edmund's sons are following in their distinguished father's footsteps, and have been naval officers for some years past.



ADMIRAL THE HON. EDMUND FREMANTLE, JUST APPOINTED FIRST AND PRINCIPAL NAVAL AIDE-DE-CAMP TO THE KING.

Photo by Russell and Sons, Southsea.



MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH (MRS. ARTHUR BOURCHIER),
WHO WILL SHORTLY BE SEEN AT THE CRITERION THEATRE WITH HER HUSBAND IN A NEW PLAY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.



PHYLLIS.

*Blue of eye, with wind-tossed hair,
Rosy-cheeked and bright,
Phyllis seeks the morning air
In her robe of white.*

*Sleepy pools and running rills,
Grasses short and tall,
Primroses and daffodils—
Phyllis loves them all.*

*Loves the sun and loves the breeze;
Loves the birds that sing
Just for her among the trees—
Phyllis loves the spring.*



MAISIE.

*Maisie, too, is tall and fair,
Yet she seeks the grove:
Maisie, also, loves the air;
Better still—well, love.*

*Maisie looks upon the ground,
Maisie's head is bent;
P'r'aps 'tis on a welcome sound
That she's so intent.*

*Well I know the Maisie wood,
Well I know that tree:
As you say, 'tis right I should—
Maisie waits for me.*



MRS. KENDAL,
WHOSE "ELDER MISS BLOSSOM" IS THE DELIGHT OF THEATRE-GOERS.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, BAKER STREET, W.



MR. W. H. KENDAL,

WHO WILL BE WELCOME BACK NEXT AUTUMN WITH MRS. KENDAL AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, BAKER STREET, W.

"THE KENDALS" OF TO-DAY.

AN APPRECIATION.

UNDER the Bancroft régime at the old Haymarket Theatre several years ago was to be found a young actor, a Mr. W. H. Kendal, also a young actress of the name of Madge Robertson. Both at that time were rapidly coming to the front, both found favour with the playgoers of the period. One evening, "As You Like It" was presented, with young Kendal and Miss Robertson in the principal parts, and when Orlando duly accepted Rosalind to be his wife the audience greeted the lines with enthusiasm and unusual mirth. For playgoers knew that, a few hours earlier in the day and on the larger stage of life,

MR. AND MRS. KENDAL HAD BEEN UNITED.

This was the origin of "The Kendals," as the people have long since learned to call them. This was not yesterday, nor yet the day before, and the dawn-light of the Twentieth Century reveals "The Kendals" still hand-in-hand—still a lesson to men and women how to act; more than that, a lesson to actors and actresses how to live. Their joint path has led them, without a hitch, through a few failures, countless successes, and many triumphs, on to the fame and popularity that they have won. Throughout the English-speaking world, "The Kendals"

IS A HOUSEHOLD WORD.

London and the provinces, New York and America, have, time and again, welcomed them with admiration, with affection—almost with reverence in the welcome. Their tenure, through the 'eighties, of the St. James's Theatre, with Mr. John Hare, will be fresh in the memory of my readers. Five times have they crossed the Atlantic, and each succeeding time America opened wider her arms—and her pockets. In the past decade, the London world has seen but little of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, if we except one all-too-short autumn season, when they brought to the St. James's Theatre the (then) latest Kendal play,

"THE ELDER MISS BLOSSOM"

Next September, however, they will appear once again at the "auld hoose," with a repertoire sufficiently varied to show both Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in every branch of their well-matured art.

Time deals leniently with some of his favourites, and has laid a gentle hand on Madge Kendal. Like good wine, she but mellow and ripens with the changing seasons. The graceful carriage, the sweet, resonant voice, the "feeling," of the young Robertson girl remain; to these are superadded the exceeding art, the perfect gesture, the natural easiness, the extraordinary grip of character of Mrs. Kendal. No jarring emphasis, no forced or false gesture, no untrue expression of eye or mouth, is possible with her. She will reveal in one look what others, less gifted, require lines of dialogue to express. Her face can reveal her heart. Who, for instance, can forget her impersonation—perfect to the minutest detail—of

DOLLY BLOSSOM?

Who does not remember the exquisite charm, the atmosphere of almost girlish happiness with which she invests the young "old maid," waiting, waiting for her lover's return, the only lover that has entered her life? Who can recall with dry eyes the picture of the sweet, heart-broken woman who, realising that the dream is over, that "her Paradise was of her own making," thrusts her fingers into her ears to silence the jangle of the wedding-bells—bells that were to have rung in her wedding morn, but now toll out a requiem on the burial of her life's hope and happiness? Small wonder that in such hands "The Elder Miss Blossom" has, for four years, gone triumphantly through the world!

But, of late, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal are to be seen in other characters as well.

"THE LIKENESS OF THE NIGHT,"

that extraordinary study from life, reveals them to us in very strong, serious work, and here again the great actor and actress play with a naturalness that is positively startling. As Mildred, Mrs. Kendal lays bare the inmost beatings of a loving woman's heart, and the revelation is almost cruel in its completeness. In her latest creation, the Duchess in Mr. Egerton Castle's "The Secret Orchard," we see once more the womanly charm, the strength, the truth-to-life, the emotion, that make Mrs. Kendal, in the opinion of many, the greatest living actress of the day. Whatever criticism the Kendal plays may provoke, it is at least certain that,

IN MRS. KENDAL'S HANDS,

they will be imbued with the spirit of *vraisemblance*—that the characters will be characters. Mrs. Kendal knows that a Duchess is a woman, that a laundress is a woman, and that a Duchess is not a laundress. In playing the part of a human being, she suggests the flesh and blood; were she to impersonate a wax doll, one would sit in the stalls in an atmosphere of sawdust. *Naturalness*—that is and always has been the cry of "The Kendals."

Few people outside her circle of friends know what energy means to Mrs. Kendal. The

REHEARSING AND PRODUCING OF ALL THE PLAYS

is to her an easy matter. A journey to Newcastle or Dundee to open a bazaar, to recite for charity, is all in the day's work, and is undertaken as readily as a drive down Bond Street. It may be that, in the summer, at her charming residence at Filey, she indulges in rest, but it is more than doubtful.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

I AM anxiously looking for an advertisement of a new temperance beverage called after the decoction manufactured by Madame Sarah Grand's new hero, "Prismatic Soul Revivers." I suppose it ought to be a temperance drink, because Madame Sarah Grand suggests that the delightfully intoxicating qualities of the "Revivers" was a result of hypnotism, and therefore left no unpleasant effects for the morning after. I do not believe in the hypnotism, but, then, I do not believe either in Madame Sarah Grand's hero.

I am waiting, too, for someone to say that "Babs the Impossible" is impossible babble.

Mr. H. B. Wheatley, editor of the magnificent edition of "Pepys' Diary," has written a book of Mediæval London, which will shortly be published by Messrs. Dent. It will be profusely illustrated.

Mr. Frederic Harrison's edition of "The Writings of King Alfred" will be issued by Messrs. Macmillan very shortly. The same firm will issue immediately a volume of hitherto unpublished letters of Edward FitzGerald, edited by Mr. Aldis Wright, and the first volume of their great "General History of Modern Times," edited by Lord Acton. This history is to run to twelve volumes, and will provide a record of the world's progress from the Renaissance to the end of the Nineteenth Century.

Mr. G. W. Prothero has written a Life of Louis XI. for Professor Bury's "Foreign Statesmen" Series.

The well-known American soldier, General Russell Alger, has written a book, on the War Department during the Spanish War, which is sure to arouse enormous discussion and a repetition of the bitter controversies of a year ago. But, if someone behind the scenes were to write the history of the English War Department during the Boer War, the English public would, I fancy, for once go one better.

I hear that a publisher has recently received a letter, from a well-known man of business, claiming £10 damages on account of loss of a business-day through the fascination of a book published by his firm. It appears that, instead of going to town, this modest commercial potentate (he must be modest, or he would certainly value his day at more than £10) dipped into a certain book, and was so delighted with it that he threw business to the winds, until he had finished it. Of course, such a claim would make a delightful advertisement for the book, and the publisher will be well advised if he pays it. But I have another kind of claim, which will hardly afford a good advertisement, and which, I am afraid, no publisher will pay, and that is for loss of time through having to read stupid and tiresome books.

The author of that charming story, "Madame Butterfly," which, it will be remembered, was recently dramatised and played with much success in this country, has completed a new novel, which he calls "The Prince of Illusion."

Dr. Wyllie, Professor of Medicine of Edinburgh University, has been delivering himself of severe strictures on Dr. Conan Doyle's knowledge of the action of drugs, as displayed in "Sherlock Holmes." "If such a man as Sherlock Holmes had existed," he said, in the course of one of his lectures, "dosing himself as depicted by his creator, in a few weeks his opinion on anything would not have been worth having." Professor Wyllie mentions the case of a young man who, it was said, had been introduced to the cocaine habit by reading "Sherlock Holmes." Truly, great are the responsibilities of the popular author!

This reminds me of another story of the power of the popular novelist which recently came under my notice. A boy had been reading "King Solomon's Mines," and was so wrought upon by the story that he insisted upon emigrating in order to discover the mines. Everything possible was done by his parents to prove the absurdity of his infatuation, but to no avail. The boy was of a most excitable disposition, and worked himself into a state of really dangerous illness. As a last resort, the parents wrote to Mr. Rider Haggard, who took the trouble to make a long journey to assure the boy that his story had absolutely no foundation in fact. It was a kind act, but Mr. Rider Haggard had at least the satisfaction of a remarkable tribute to the power of his imagination.

The Australian lady who writes under the pseudonym "Alien" has completed a new novel, entitled "Another Woman's Territory."

The Preface to Mr. Stillman's "Autobiography of a Journalist," which is to be published immediately, promises more than well. "My object," he writes, "is to give a human document of Puritan family life, and the development of a mind from the archaic severity of New England Puritanism to a complete freedom of thought by a purely evolutionary process, without revolt or revolution. For what it is worth, I have done it without much consideration of my own dignity, and candidly, not as to my blunders and peccadilloes, which are of no importance to the story, but as to the earlier mental conditions which were a part of the process." From some extracts I have seen, I think it will be found that the book will fulfil the promise of this Preface. It contains some hard reading for Americans, and there is a pathetic ring in the sentence which sums up one of the chapters: "It is a painful conviction to die with, but I expect to die with it, that generations and unparalleled disasters must pass before my country reaches the goal its founders believe to be its destiny." o. o.



MISS VIOLET LLOYD AS A DEAR LITTLE DUTCH GIRL

IN "THE MESSENGER BOY," AT THE GAIETY THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.



THE IDEALIST AND THE UTILITARIAN.

IRATE ITALIAN (*who has just been jostled by tipsy Sailor*): You zee vat you do, fool? You haf broke off ze arm of my lofely Napoleon!

SAILOR: Knock 'is eye out, then, an' sell 'im as Nelson!



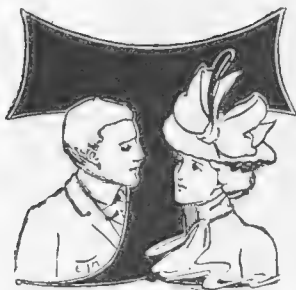
THE SPORT OF THE AGE.

RIDING MASTER : Hold up, there ! What are you doing ?
CYCLING BOY : I 'm—I 'm—feeling for the brake !

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

"PLAYING WITH FIRE."

BY EDWARD F. SPENCE.



HERE is only one bone of discord between Mr. and Mrs. Chimwell, and it is of no very great importance. Rupert Millevant is the bone, and Harold Chimwell's complaint is that his wife, Rosa, is insufficiently grateful to Rupert. Sometimes, when the husband and wife are sitting together in a boat and the fish are not rising, though the rain is falling, and she looks very pretty and picturesque, even if her hair is out of curl, Chimwell says to Rosa:

"My dear, you really are not half grateful enough to Rupert," and the dear little woman shakes her delightful head, causing a shower of drops to fall, and says, with a wonderful smile as rich in meaning and puzzling as the Rosetta Stone, "My dearest, you don't understand!"

It is fortunate that Harold Chimwell does not understand. After the honeymoon was over—for honeymoons are a sort of teething process of matrimonial life, and hardly more agreeable than that process, whatever story-tellers may say to the contrary—Chimwell was very happy in his marriage, and Rosa Chimwell was just as happy. They had plenty of money, excellent tempers, good health, and natural gaiety; yet as time went on they drifted slowly if not very far apart. They had no troubles to serve as a bond of union. Still, at least half-a-dozen years passed before Harold went fishing alone. He had made efforts to inspire a taste for angling in his pretty wife, and she had tried, to some extent, to be inspired; but two or three blank days and a thunder-storm settled the matter, for by nature Mrs. Chimwell was what the French call "*poule mouillée*"—Chimwell pronounced it "pooly mooly." No quarrels ever took place, but, as time went on, a separation began, and he went a-fishing while she stayed in town amusing herself, and their friends smiled. Some amiably suggested to her that her husband's alleged fishing expeditions were mere blinds that hid all sorts of shocking escapades, and, of course, others told him that during his absence her conduct was disgraceful. Neither of them believed a word against the other. Sometimes she grumbled when he left home, and even went so far as to utter the witless jokes that have been made for centuries against anglers by uninventive fools. However, he behaved fairly well, and, except in May-fly time, often gave up expeditions in order to take her to social "functions."

Suddenly Mrs. Chimwell seemed to be reconciled to her husband's expeditions. If Harold had been a wise man, this would have alarmed him. The cause of the indifference was Rupert Millevant.

Rupert was a professional lady-killer; he took no interest in any sport save that of woman-hunting, and was very successful. Why, no man could guess, for Rupert was not handsome, not wise, not witty, and obviously not manly. Yet to many women he was irresistible. He had some mysterious charm which made him more dangerous than men apparently far better equipped for conquest, and could have given a start to Solomon, Antinous, or John Wilkes. Of course, men hated him, and this, alas! was something in his favour with the dear creatures.

Mrs. Chimwell began their acquaintance with a little aversion; then came curiosity; after this, interest. She had not the least idea that he was making love to her, since this modern Vauban began his operations at a prodigious distance, and conducted them very subtly. He had gone more than half-way ere Rosa even suspected that he had begun, and her position was seriously "compromised"—using the word in the military sense—before she suspected attack. Indeed, she would have expressed surprise, indignation, and incredulity if any friend had told her that Rupert was making love to her, and the expression would have been quite genuine. Harold Chimwell suspected nothing. The big, vigorous, good-natured, handsome, bearded man, rather careless in his toilet, used to find the slightly built, fair fellow, with pale, delicately cut face, wistful mouth, and large blue eyes, constantly at his wife's "At Homes," and simply wondered how poor Rosa could put up with such a fellow. It is to be hoped that his lack of suspicion was due to trust in his wife, and not vanity; but, alas! the observer notices that, in most cases, confidence in fidelity is founded rather upon admiration of self than belief in the beloved one.

It was a very long time before Rosa allowed Rupert to suggest, even in the most fanciful manner, that his attentions to her were based upon anything more than permissible friendship. He had none of the methods of the commonplace Lothario; no one ever heard him speak a word against Harold, he never made fun of angling—indeed, he pressed Mrs. Chimwell, and once or twice successfully, to accompany her husband on short expeditions—and Harold took a liking to him, the sort of liking that a St. Bernard may have for a lapdog, the lapdog that sometimes steals the St. Bernard's bone.

The time came, however, when Mrs. Chimwell discovered what was going on, and she promptly tried to break off her friendship with Rupert. She even went so far as to accompany her husband to Ireland, and stayed for a fortnight in a pig-sty that mistook itself for a hotel in a village where it rained fifty-nine minutes in the hour. She stood this

womanfully till a storm on the water caused her to discover that the motion of a lake may be as discomfiting as the tossing of the sea. Then she returned to London in a dudgeon and disgust. The artful Rupert kept away on her return for ten days, when an accident contrived by him brought them together, and at the sight of him Rosa Chimwell discovered with shame and terror that he had been in her thoughts during almost every minute of a month. After this, she scarcely struggled against what seemed to be her fate.

On the 6th of July, Chimwell went down to Winchester to fish, with the intention of staying away for a week. He pressed his wife to accompany him, promising her fine weather and fair feeding; but her refusal was so unamiable in tone that, if he had not made a solemn promise to fish with a friend, he would have stayed in town to make love to the pretty little blonde.

On the evening of the 6th, Rosa Chimwell went to the Lyceum with friends. Rupert was in the box. Afterwards she supped at the Carlton. Rupert was one of the party, and never had he listened so fascinatingly to her charming chatter as during that evening.

After supper he asked for a lift in her brougham. When they reached Wilton Street, they got out. He told the coachman to drive away, saying he would walk the rest of his way home. When the man was out of sight, Rupert begged her to offer him a drink. She hesitated. It would be a frightful indiscretion. She hesitated. There was no harm in it: of course, she could take care of herself. The evening had been very hot, and in her thirst she had taken a little more champagne than usual—only a wineglass-full. She hesitated. A soothing, cool breeze had blown up, and, acting upon the extra drop of alcohol, drove deadly fumes to her head. Rupert was tactful: he adopted no pleading manner—merely said, with a laugh, that he had no soda in his rooms, and hated going back to the Club.

"You mustn't stay more than five minutes—promise me you won't."

He promised.

At the end of half-an-hour, Rosa's maid, Martha, an old family servant, came down to inquire whether she could render any service, and her manner so much nettled her mistress that she told her tartly to go to bed. This trifling episode was rather useful to Rupert, and, under cover of it, he grew very dangerous. Rosa listened, almost in a dream. The soft, pleading voice seemed irresistible; a feeling of triumph lent unwonted dignity to the weak face of the man, and nothing but a direct intervention of Providence could save poor Rosa. Fortunately, Providence was awake even at 1.30 a.m., and thought it worth while to save a charming little woman who was really good at heart.

Now, Harold's expedition to Winchester was a failure. A porter succeeded in upsetting a big brass-bound Saratoga trunk on to his precious rods, and smashed them. He had just time to see his friend, get some dinner, and take the train back to town with the view of getting a new angling battery. The porter, to whom he gave eighteen-pence as well as a telegram-form addressed to his wife, pocketed the money and rolled the paper round some acidulated drops that he found in one of the carriages and took home to his children. The London and South-Western Railway that evening fully deserved its reputation for unpunctuality, and, indeed, carried its joke too far.

Providence interfered at 1.30, for, just as the little drama in Wilton Street seemed likely to become a tragedy, hurried steps were heard upon the staircase. Rupert jumped up. Rosa gasped. Martha threw open the door of the boudoir.

"There's an awful smell of fire in the house," she cried, "and the smoke is coming upstairs!"

Rupert rushed to the window, pulled aside the curtain and looked out. A cloud of smoke came into the room, and the noise of people rushing in the street and shouting "Fire!" Suddenly, crash after crash at the front-door sounded.

"My God, the house is on fire!" shouted Rupert, and, without another word, dashed out of the room, mad to save his miserable self.

The boudoir was on the second floor. When passing the drawing-room in his flight, Rupert's foot caught in a mat, and he fell heavily against the wall and lay stunned. Martha and Mrs. Chimwell looked downstairs and saw flames and smoke, and then ran upstairs. There was a window to the roof in the servants' bath-room on the third floor, and a ladder by which it could be reached. The ladder was hung horizontally across the wall, and encumbered with a hundred trifles of toilet apparatus and broken ornaments. It was partly fastened down, unintentionally, by some drapery. Mrs. Chimwell sent Martha to call the other servants, and set to work to get down the ladder.

Just at this moment, Harold's cab drove up, and the man's heart almost burst within him when he saw his house in flames and thought of his wife's peril. The front-door had been broken open, and one or two men had attempted to enter, but been driven back. Chimwell dashed in; the smoke nearly suffocated him, the flames leaping out from the dining-room scorched him, but he rushed on and up. He stumbled against the body of Rupert, stooped, and, with the idea that some brave fellow had tried to save his wife, clasped the man in his powerful arms; he smashed open the doors of the drawing-room and billiard-room; then he tottered up, pursued by the flames, looked into boudoir, dressing-room, and his wife's bedroom—empty, and he noticed that the bed was undisturbed. The glad thought that his wife had not come home, and so, was safe, almost stopped the beating of his heart.



THE RECOVERED GAINSBOROUGH.

COPY OF GAINSBOROUGH'S FAMOUS PAINTING OF GEORGINA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

Bought by Messrs. Agnew for ten thousand guineas at the Wynn-Ellis sale in 1876, stolen from their Bond Street Galleries in May of that year, recently recovered in Chicago by Mr. C. Morland Agnew, and brought back to London for Exhibition.

He paused for a moment, and gazed at the man in his arms. "Great Scott!" he exclaimed, "I never thought Rupert had such pluck. Poor devil!"

Then he mounted the next staircase and came to the servants' bath-room. By this time, Rosa, who had got the ladder into position, and sent up the servants, was mounting herself. He followed her, too much out of breath to speak, and in silence they clambered over the roofs of several houses.

At last they paused, feeling safe. It was then that she saw who was in her husband's arms, and, at the idea that her husband would suspect something even worse than the truth, horror grasped the overwrought woman, who tottered forward madly to throw herself off the roof. The maid caught her and held her back.

"My darling," said the husband, "be careful! You are giddy."

The anxious, loving tone of his voice startled her.

"Sit down," he continued. "I must see whether Millevant is hurt. Who would have thought the fellow had the pluck to try to rush through that hell to save you?"

The old servant clutched her mistress tightly, fearful as to what might come from her revulsion of feeling. For a little space Mrs. Rosa lived at the rate of a day to a minute. Horror and contempt for the coward, admiration for the brave husband, and, above all, overwhelming disgust at herself, rushed pell-mell into her heart, and from them sprang an exquisite pang of pride and happiness in Harold's love and simplicity; good resolutions chased one another through her mind.

That night, Rosa knelt by the side of the hotel-bed and prayed for strength to render entirely happy the man whom she nearly robbed of all happiness.

A few days later, there was an interview between Mrs. Chimwell and Mr. Millevant, during which he passed through the worst half-hour of his life. "Remember," she said, and this was the burden of her conversation, "that, in order he may never know, never suspect, you, a miserable cur and coward, will have to pose as hero; and mind you are careful, for, if he ever should find out, he will thrash you within an inch of your contemptible life, and he may make a mistake about the inch, since he is not a very careful man."

"What about the servant? Is she safe?"

Now, it happened that Martha came into the room at the moment. Millevant took out his pocket-book, drew from it a note for fifty pounds.

"Remember, Martha," he said, "that, for your mistress's sake, you must never let him know the truth."

She said nothing, took the note, tore it into pieces, crumpled them up in her hand, threw them out of the window, and then walked out of the room.

"I think," said Mrs. Chimwell, "we need not worry about Martha. Now go, and the less we see of you the better."

TIORS D'ŒUVRES.

Some Restaurants and a Moral—Dining as a Liberal Education—"Interiors" and their Care—Old Masters and Mutton-Chops—Dissecting-Room Restaurants—"The Dilemma Dinner"—Tabloid Restaurants.

IN a dearth of anything sensational in news or politics, a few remarks may be of profit on modern eating and drinking, subjects which, as is very commonly known even among the uneducated, are of profound importance, as well as, scientifically, deeply interesting. It is now obvious that the restaurant will be socially more prominent than ever this Season. Great hostesses no longer (thank Heaven!) invite those enormous "crushes" to their houses. This drives people to dine at the restaurant and go to the play (which drives them to *The Sketch* to see the actresses' photographs, and this is as it should be). Authorities tell us that the Maldivian natives have, or had, the custom of eating entirely alone, as etiquette prevented them sitting down with an inferior in birth, riches, or dignity, and the difficulty of deciding this inferiority was immense. We make no such invidious distinctions (except as regards riches). Hence our liking for feeding together in herds in the open. Many modern "hotels" would be astounded and perplexed if one were to ask for rooms for a day or two. The system is of considerable benefit to literature. The alleged Society Correspondent orders a spoonful of soup or two drachms of coffee, and is thus able to speak familiarly to Mrs. "Jack" Asterisque or Mr. "Freddie" Dashe, and list the articles consumed at luncheon by the Baroness Undsowetter. A quotation from Burke's Peerage "does the rest."

A distinct feature of these times is the introduction of art into our restaurants—real art, that is to say, not the Regent Street or Tottenham Court Road varieties. Dining out is like dining in the Royal Academy, except that the hanging of the pictures is better and the selection more sound. Mark Twain found it impossible to eat a heavy joint to the tune of a waltz in a German Kurgarten. Indigestion is just as easily set up by eating a lobster mayonnaise in the presence of an Old Master, and one could not look a Madonna or an Apollo in the face and order a chop and a cheap bottle of claret. A humorous editor entitled a description of a newly opened hotel, "The — Hotel: First Notice."

Yet the movement is so beneficial that even the upper classes are, from the mere process of eating, gaining some elementary instruction in art.

Artists by no means unsuccessful carry on a brisk trade in decoration of "interiors"—generally under an assumed name (of a company, for preference), to avoid injuring legitimate business. No hotel-manager can nowadays be considered a capable man who has not gone through a severe course of art. He really has nothing left to learn except the Continental open-air system of dining and the abolition of the "twelve o'clock rule," which assumes that the Londoner requires no food after midnight.

No less a feature of the last few years is the rise of elegantly appointed restaurants of an inexpensive persuasion for "The Man in the Street." Some time ago, an observer left two celebrated authors lunching together at Prince's, and immediately afterwards saw a writer whose name was a household word sitting in Lockhart's dining-rooms. He wrote to the papers asking why there was no half-way house between these two extremes. That day has gone. Just as the modern dinner-party is ceasing to be an assemblage of mourners to weep over the carcasses of domestic animals, so that abomination is disappearing, the "eating-house," a species of mortuary or inferior dissecting-room for the post-mortem examination of deceased birds and beasts, any levity being checked by the ominous presence of the comic papers.

Even the clerk to-day demands refined surroundings and the cleansing of the outside of his cup and platter. Dinner, after all, should be a painless and even cheerful operation, with the exception, of course, of that dangerous orgie, the City banquet. In brightening London, the County Council is really only following public opinion, instead of forcing compulsory happiness upon us in the wanton exercise of a tyrannical power. These restaurants are outwardly as well staged, so to speak, as the dressiest of dress establishments. Yet wine is either of the lowest in price or not ordered at all (whereas there is in many establishments an axiom that it is the drinking, not the eating, which pays); the charges are most moderate, and the waiting is not made self-supporting (or rather, a substantial gain to the management, as elsewhere) by enormous tips. Profits depend on the large number of restaurants conducted, by means of, of course, a limited company.

Here "Jones" lunches when in the City. Here curates organise their wild revels, and smoke their two cigarettes with a fierce, devil-may-care abandon. In fact, Exeter Hall is a steady income. The beverages sold are not those fearful chemical compounds of former days which, no doubt, once led a restaurant proprietor to advertise, "Dine here and you will never dine anywhere else." There is not that reprehensible habit of printing the menu of the *table d'hôte* (which at first sight looks impossibly cheap) on the dilemma system, as—*Ragoût de mouton*, or *Croquettes de bœuf*, or *Côtelettes de veau à l'impossible*, or *Canards anglophobes*, or *Salmi de je ne sais quoi*, or *Sauté épouvantable à la (sacrée) anglaise*, or, &c., &c. These two or three columns of dishes, being interpreted into English and having the alternatives eliminated, resolve themselves into the wing of a chicken, two grams of ice, and a cubic millimetre of cheese—not, after all, so ruinously cheap at the half-crown advertised in enormous letters outside the door.

A symptom of this rapid age is a "tabloid" restaurant just being started in Paris, in which a whole meal can be contained in a breakfast-cup and be eaten in three or four minutes. This is the snake system of feeding, adopted by Napoleon Buonaparte and others; but, then, as the "Iron Duke" said, "the fellow wasn't a gentleman." The idea of eating to live is too vulgar for a moment's consideration. The English dinner is a solemn thing, and need fear nothing from this. No doubt, there is a tendency towards shortening meals. Did not Mr. D'Oyly Carte, who could command a Josef when he liked, generally dine on a chop and a milk-pudding?

HILL ROWAN.

NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB.

Mr. P. Wilson-Steer's "Hydrangea," at the New English Art Club, Dudley Gallery, is a sparkling arrangement in which violets and pearly greys predominate and harmonise with touches of white and green in the flowers. The subject, a girl playing with a black kitten, is attractive, though the girl's face is scarcely satisfactory and the whole scheme is deficient in focus. Nevertheless, it is a striking work. An admirable portrait of Mrs. Buxton, by Mr. C. W. Furse, recalls the kind of composition that was favoured by the old masters, though the picture is modern enough in treatment. One of the most charming canvases in the show is Mr. S. W. Douglas's "Bridget"—a girl in black reading a book. The treatment is broad and the light cleverly arranged to give effect to the figure. In "An Interior," Mr. David Muirhead represents a quaintly pretty girl surrounded by a rich harmony of colour, the management of which is not without a certain reticence that gives the work additional distinction. Another interior, by Mr. Will Rothenstein, also calls for admiration in respect of its severity of composition and general air of refinement, with its harpsichord and other old-world furniture that is quite in keeping with the figure of the woman at the window. The handling, however, is rather tight. There are some clever landscapes, but, on the whole, the rest of the work is of not more than average merit.



"WHEN WELL-APPARELL'D APRIL ON THE HEEL' OF LIMPING WINTER TREADS"

—ROMEO AND JULIET, Act I., Scene 2

VIGO BAY: AN OCCASIONAL RESORT OF THE CHANNEL SQUADRON.

IT was, curiously enough, whilst sailing towards Vigo, to us as yet a *terra incognita*, that, in dipping into Kipling's "Recessional," I came upon the line, "And Juz from Vigo Bay"—Juz being one of the heroes of the poem. Vigo, be it said *en passant*, is the ancient North Spanish town in Galicia, less than thirty miles from the Portuguese frontier, and is a region still undiscovered by the ubiquitous British tourist, whilst the equally ubiquitous British trader receives scant encouragement to bring his wares to these waters, where the duties are heavy on all foreign imports. But Vigo is none the less attractive for these reasons, nor less worthy the quest of the seeker after fresh fields and pastures new, or of the mediæval, the quaint, the picturesque, the primitive; its riviera is beautiful exceedingly, its climate an all-the-year-round equable one, and, whether as a sanatorium, pleasure resort, or for commercial enterprise, it has immense possibilities. Said a disinterested Briton, respecting the lack of the latter quality inherent in all Galicians, "How one would like to take over this fine country and develop its wonderful resources"—it is rich in all mineral wealth, and equally so in health-restoring mineral-springs—"and, having shown these people the 'ropes,' hand it over to them again!"

Vigo town is at the entrance-bay—for it is rather a series of bays than one, extending some eighteen miles inland, in one of which our own invincible Drake sank the Spanish galleons, after pursuing them to these coasts, whilst, such is the irony of things mundane, here now the Channel Squadron, in softer mood and happier times, is allowed peacefully to anchor for two months each spring.

The older part of Vigo is a delightfully picturesque jumble of quaint, white-walled, red-roofed houses, rising up and up over against each other and a background of rocky greenery. These roofs are a study in themselves, looking over each other's heads, into each other's windows, and almost down each other's chimneys, all charmingly balconied and galleried, and often beautified by climbing plants.

The newer portions of the town are very handsome, the houses being arranged on the "flat" system.

Fish and wine are Vigo's staple industries. How alluring would its fish-market be to the eye of the practical British housewife! What abundance, what variety is there, and at what low prices! From the toothsome sardine, as common as our own sprat, the delicate

lobster, the succulent crab, and a host of other tempting edibles, to those aristocrats of our tables at home, the red and grey mullet; while the native wines, white and red, would equally make glad the heart of pater-familias himself, so sound and pure and good are they, and, not the least of their virtues, no less cheap.

Among the many pictures in Vigo life, one is perhaps most struck with that formed by its female population. The Vigo woman's passion for colour seems as native to her as the breath of her nostrils, and runs into the gayest hues. She wears over her dark braids oftenest an orange or yellow kerchief, dons a bodice of red or blue or white, and a skirt and apron of other contrasting tones, and there you have the Vigo working-woman. Very fine, too, she is at that! What poetry she lends to the streets, and to her own too often sordid occupations! A tall, graceful peasant woman was a study in a black gown, blue shawl, and white bodice and kerchief; she carried a pink fan in one hand, a pink sunshade in the other, and her skirts swept up the dust of the road behind her into a halo as she walked into the town with all the stately albeit unconscious grace of a queen.

There is a curious physiological fact connected with the birth-rate of Vigo—that is, the immense disparity as regards the numbers of the sexes, the girls born being as three to one of the boys. Consequently, you cease to marvel at the overplus of women seen in the streets, which literally swarm with them. They are in everything, as common carriers, street-sweepers, masons, labourers, ditchers and delvers; and how strong and hearty they are in all! What would our own working-woman at home say could she behold her Vigo sister, say, at about 5 a.m., nimbly stepping out under the load of a baker's huge basketful of bread, a stool in one hand and umbrella in the other, on her way to market; or bearing aloft in the same easy way, may be, an iron bedstead or large bath, or even, with equal nonchalance, the gruesome burden of a full-sized coffin—all of which sights are of daily occurrence here? This admirable

sang-froid of the Vigo woman is one of her most striking characteristics, for, her load once up, however heavy, she seems at once to forget all about it, and will walk off swinging her arms with the utmost abandon, if they are not otherwise engaged.

But a word must be given to the Vigo baby. What a stiff little brown-eyed bundle it is, sitting up erect as a dart in its mother's arms from the early age of two months and upwards, and with wide-open eyes looking out on its own account on the world at large—never were seen such healthy little mites! And the toddlers are no less robust on their often bare wee feet. The lady doctor who has been so loudly sounding the tocsin of alarm in the ears of the athletic woman at home should certainly behold the Vigo infants, whose mothers are nothing if they are not athletic; the sight would assuredly tend greatly to modify, if not to wholly destroy, her faith in the sweeping theories she has advanced anent the progeny of the athletic woman.

MILITARY NOTES.

THE retirement of Major-General Sir John Ardagh, K.C.I.E., C.B., from his position as Director of Military Intelligence at the end of his five years' term is a real loss to the Army, for he has laboured zealously under many disadvantages to make his Department at the War Office efficient. Sir John is also a very distinguished soldier, and has three campaigns to his credit—the Egyptian of 1882, the Nile Expedition of three years later, and the Soudan campaign which immediately followed. He joined the Royal Engineers forty-two years ago, and has filled various responsible positions during his military career, being at one time Private Secretary to the Governor-General of India and Aide-de-Camp to H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge. It may also be recalled that he went as one of our representatives to that well-meant but not over-successful

Peace Conference at The Hague. Those who are best acquainted with Sir John's work in the position he has just vacated assert that during his tenure of the appointment he has worked wonders considering the means at his disposal.

His Majesty King Edward has been graciously pleased to confirm the order given by Her late Majesty that a medal be struck to commemorate the military operations in South Africa. The medal will be issued to officers and men of the British, Indian, and Colonial forces, and "to all nurses and nursing sisters" who actually served in South Africa between Oct. 11, 1899, and "a date to be



VIGO BAY.

Photo by Mrs. Pickard.

hereafter fixed." One somewhat curious sentence in the Army Order announces that "troops stationed in St. Helena between April 14, 1900, and a date to be hereafter fixed" will be eligible for the decoration. A large number of clasps will also be granted, over a score in all; but "no individual can have both the defence and relief clasps for either Kimberley, Mafeking, or Ladysmith." Only a very greedy man, one would think, could have expected otherwise. Non-enlisted men, of whatever nationality, who drew military pay will receive bronze medals without clasps. If anything, the Order seems to err in over-generosity of distribution, for apparently men who served hundreds of miles from the scene of operations will receive the medal, though, of course, without clasps. The early issue of the decoration, however, will be much appreciated.

The suggestion of an old officer of the Royal Scots (the 1st Foot) that His Majesty King Edward be solicited to become Colonel-in-Chief of this famous old corps is an eminently reasonable one. Putting aside the antiquity of its origin, which the writer claims to date back to 882, the fact that His Majesty's grandfather, the Duke of Kent, once actually commanded the regiment, and that Her late Majesty, having been born during this period, always considered herself "a daughter of the regiment," should lend weight to the request. Unlike most of our old two-battalion corps, both battalions of the Royal Scots have been on the English—or British—establishment considerably over two hundred years, and on more than one occasion both have taken part in the same battle. The list of honours is a very imposing one, comprising most of the important battles since Blenheim. The old officer would also like to see the present "nondescript" tartan done away with, and, seeing that this, the oldest regiment in the service, has been "The Royal" ever since its formation, his plea for the adoption of the "Hunting Stewart" for the rank-and-file and the "Royal Stewart" for regimental pipers would seem to deserve favourable consideration.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

THE MELODIOUS "PATIENCE,"

which has for the past few months given so much delight to Savoy audiences, should be heard at once by all who have not witnessed this revival of one of the most charming of the Gilbert-Sullivan and



THE LATE MISS HELEN FORSYTH.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

D'Oyly Carte comic operas. For the run must cease next Saturday evening, as the stage will be required for the final rehearsals of the new Sullivan-Hood-German opera, "The Emerald Isle."

JEAN DE RESZKE TO SING IN PARIS.

After much opposition in Paris, Wagner's operas are being accepted freely in the French capital. "Siegfried" is to be performed at the Grand Opera, and M. Jean de Reszke will appear as the hero. Why should not the incomparable Polish tenor be persuaded to sing this season in London if he can be tempted to Paris?

THE STATEMENT THAT MADAME MELBA

will not appear this season at Covent Garden is contradicted by a musical correspondent in New York, who assures me that the brilliant prima donna has actually given up a special tour in order to perform at the Royal Italian Opera. I rejoice to hear the good news.

SIR ALEXANDER MACKENZIE

tells me that his lectures on the late Sir Arthur Sullivan and his works will be given at the Royal Institution on May 2, 9, and 16.

MEYERBEER'S "L'ETOILE DU NORD,"

an opera undeservedly neglected, is about to be performed in English by Madame Fanny Moody. At one period, Meyerbeer's work was a favourite one with Madame Patti. I have seen that distinguished vocalist more than once in the opera, which was altered from "The Camp of Silesia" and produced in its present form in 1854.

THE MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS

were wound up more cheerfully than they began, the extraordinary violin-playing of the great Belgian artist, M. Ysaye, having had much to do with the reviving popularity of these concerts. It is not without reason that the admirers of M. Ysaye claim for him the highest position in the world as a solo violinist. But Dr. Joachim is still popular, and announces a series of concerts, assisted by his own Quartet Party.

MISS ALICE NIELSEN, "THE FORTUNE-TELLER."

What an exuberantly active and gay little songstress Miss Alice Nielsen is! She came, sang, and conquered. She bore on her bonny shoulders the full weight of the new American comic opera, "The Fortune-Teller," with which the Shaftesbury was re-opened on Easter Tuesday night. As bright particular ballet-girl of the Hungarian Opera House, where she is sought after for her fortune (very much like the heroine of "The Shop Girl"), as archest of Gipsies, with reminiscences of "The Bohemian Girl," as smartest of Hussars—in which disguise Miss Alice Nielsen is portrayed afresh in *The Sketch*—she is one of the merriest and most industrious of comic-opera heroines, and I heartily felicitate the talented and indomitable little lady upon her individual triumph in a lively and tuneful piece, rather hackneyed as regards

plot and characters. New York librettists should really try to be more inventive. We are tired of the German who speaks in broken English, and of the familiar "bag of tricks" with which we have been favoured too often. But it is only fair to acknowledge that Mr. Joseph Cawthorn, by his unfailing geniality and a prepossessing personality not unlike that of Rip van Winkle, was very humorous and acceptable as the German. Miss Nielsen's other chief supporters were Mr. Joseph Herbert, as the calculating Count who imagines he is a composer, Mr. Alexander Clark, as the light-footed ballet-master, Mr. Eugene Cowles, and Mr. Frank Rushworth, whose dulcet duet with "The Fortune-Teller" was one of the vocal gems of the night. The other most popular piece was the martial and spirited Hussars' March, which brought the curtain down amid a tempest of applause at the end of the Second Act. If the libretto of Mr. H. B. Smith was not of the highest order, the fluent music of Mr. Victor Herbert was highly appreciated. Costumes and mounting were very brilliant, and the bevy of beauty adorable. With native generosity, Mr. George Edwardes, in a stage-box, frequently applauded "The Fortune-Teller."

MISS HELEN FORSYTH.

The death of Miss Helen Forsyth at an early age will be regretted by those playgoers who remember the bright and beautiful young lady playing in comedy and drama up to a few years ago. Those, however, who know how deeply Miss Forsyth had suffered during the past few years from a lingering illness cannot but regard her death as a merciful release. Miss Forsyth was never what might be called a "leading" actress, but in certain ingénue and light-comedy characters she was artistic as well as charming. Her two best-known impersonations were the second heroine in Pettitt and Grundy's strong Adelphi drama, "The Bells of Haslemere," and Molly Seagrim, the fascinating young Gipsy in Mr. Robert Buchanan's brilliant adaptation of "Tom Jones," namely, "Sophia." As Molly, poor Miss Forsyth showed a hitherto unexpected ability in what is professionally known as "character-acting."

"THE WILDERNESS."

Soon all the world and his wife will be in the wilderness—"The Wilderness" of the St. James's Theatre—for Mr. Esmond's delightful comedy will charm all kinds of playgoers, except, indeed, the kind of



MISS ALICE NIELSEN.

WHO TOOK THE HOUSE CAPTIVE ON THE FIRST NIGHT OF "THE FORTUNE-TELLER," AT THE SHAFTESBURY, BY HER AMAZING ENERGY, UNFAILING CHIC, AND TUNEFUL SONGS.

Photo by Baker's Art Gallery, Columbus, Ohio.

gloomy, morbid playgoer which, according to the *Daily Telegraph*, exists and requires vigorous denunciation in nearly every number of the great paper. Humour, sentiment, a little cynicism, assumed, and a thorough knowledge of the theatre are combined in the young actor, whose comedy was greeted with enthusiasm. The tea-shop scene may be

less incisive in humour, less keenly observant, than the manicure establishment of Sophie Fullgarney, but forms a delightful background to the ingenious act that introduces us to the wilful, delightful Mabel. The forest-glade scene can only be paralleled in its delicious suggestion



MISS FLORENCE PERRY,
THE CHARMING SONGSTRESS WHO LATELY APPEARED IN
"THE THIRTY THIEVES," AT TERRY'S THEATRE.
Photo by W. and D. Dooney, Ebury Street, S.W.

of open air by passages from "One Summer's Day," and the big scene in the last Act is rich, full, human drama—drama as powerful, intense, and gripping as if the sin of which Mabel accuses herself were the favourite sin of the ordinary dramatist, instead of the mere weakness of being as wicked as the rest of her world, of the *blasé*, greedy, cynical world which Mr. Esmond calls "The Wilderness." One wonders where Mr. Esmond has studied this world, whether it is quite as callous as he thinks, for, whilst the play is undoubtedly pretty, the important people in it, with two exceptions, are very ugly—not physically, indeed, since there are many pretty faces on the stage. For a long time playgoers have been wondering

what we should get from Mr. Esmond in return for the loss in him of one of our ablest actors, and "The Wilderness" answers the question delightfully, for a play of such quality more than atones for the loss of an actor, even though he has shown such unique gifts and such versatility as the dramatist.

One of the charming features—some, indeed will say the most charming—is the acting of Miss Eva Moore (or, shall we say, of Mrs. Esmond?), who seemed to delight in presenting a brilliantly drawn character of Mabel. One remembers that she was perfect in "One Summer's Day" as Maisie, and yet there is advance, so I suppose that one may conjugate her like a tense and call her *plus que parfait*. Is it not delightful? Pure English acting in a pure English play. Here is our native Reichenberg, and who would exchange her for the famous French *comédienne*? Mr. Alexander gives a very valuable performance, Mr. Graham Browne acts very cleverly, and Miss Julie Opp and Mr. Aubrey Smith help to show how high is the standard of acting at the St. James's.

MISS FLORENCE PERRY,

who lately appeared in "The Thirty Thieves" at Terry's Theatre, and who is always as welcome as the flowers in May, is a sister of the operatic artist who was popular as Clara Perry (Mrs. Ben Davies). Miss Florence Perry is one of the best of comic-opera heroines. As such she was so great a favourite at the Savoy that she has been greatly missed from the Gilbert-Sullivan operas of late.

THE "LION HUNTERS."

The now-despised trial matinée seems to have proved serviceable in the case of "Le Monde où l'on s'Ennuie," since the translation produced a little while ago at the Comedy Theatre of the brilliant comedy is now the evening bill at Terry's Theatre. The version is good enough to give a very amusing idea of the intrigues—respectable intrigues—in a French country-house, and, though some of Pailleron's witticisms are lost, enough remain to furnish a charming entertainment. Miss Boucicault in the chief part is delightful, and Miss Susie Vaughan is an admirable Duchess. Mr. H. B. Irving strengthens an already capital cast. Miss Helen Macbeth plays prettily, and, indeed, the company shows in a surprising fashion that, without reliance on "stars," a very creditable performance can be given by our lately jeered-at English players of an exceedingly difficult comedy with a long list of *dramatis personæ*.

NEXT WEEK

will be a busy one in theatrical London. On Monday, the 22nd inst., Mr. Charles Frohman will re-introduce to us Miss Edna May—this time at the Duke of York's in "The Girl from Up There," already fully described and photographed in *The Sketch*. The next day, hundreds of Shaksperian enthusiasts will assist at Mr. F. R. Benson's annual celebration of the Bard's Birthday at Stratford-on-Avon. On the Wednesday we are to see "Sweet and Twenty," at the Vaudeville, with Miss Ellaline Terriss and her husband, Mr. Seymour Hicks, in the principal parts. And a few days later Mr. Frank Curzon will present Mr. Charles Hawtrey in Mr. Anstey's new comedy, "The Man from Blankley's," at the Prince of Wales's.

DEATH OF MR. EDGAR BRUCE.

The theatrical profession and the playgoing public heard with regret last week of the sudden death, in his fifty-seventh year, of Mr. Edgar Bruce, the well-known theatrical manager and proprietor of the Prince of Wales's Theatre, London. Mr. Bruce was on a fishing holiday in North Wales. He had been staying in the village of Trawsfynydd, and was taken ill on the 9th inst., while driving to the railway station. He died soon afterwards, the cause of death being heart-disease. The deceased gentleman was one of the best-known theatrical managers both in London and the provinces. His greatest success was perhaps achieved when he produced "The Colonel," which had a long run in London and the provinces. While touring in Scotland with "The Colonel," Mr. Bruce was "commanded" to Abergeldie, and had the honour of playing the comedy before Her Majesty.

MISS FLORENCE ST. JOHN,

Mrs. Clement Scott, Miss Lena Ashwell, Miss Connie Ediss, Miss Fanny Wentworth, together with other eminent artists far too numerous to mention, have promised to appear at Mr. Guy Waller's Musical and Dramatic Matinée on the 18th inst. at the Steinway Hall.

MISS MARGARET HALSTAN

has been temporarily released by Mr. George Alexander to play the parts of Portia in "The Merchant of Venice," Lady Anne in "Richard III.," and several other parts with the Benson Company during the Commemoration performances at Stratford-on-Avon, and also for several weeks afterwards.

ROUND THE HALLS.

The Easter season at the music-halls has been especially brilliant with "turns" of exceptional merit. At the Alhambra, where "The Gay City" is one of the smartest ballets in London, one cannot fail to wonder at the feats of balancing and weight-raising as performed by Paul Spadoni, and admire the dancing of La Chavita and that of her male companion, whose name is, curiously, omitted in the programme. Over the way, at the Empire, "Les Papillons," Wilhelm's artistically dressed ballet, is drawing the town, and no wonder. Mr. Charles Morton, at the Palace, has made a very successful "hit" by the engagement of Mr. Louis Bradfield and the full chorus from "Florodora," while La Thérèse, the marvellous hypnotist turn, with the imitations of Miss Godwynne Earle, are items of unusual interest. Mr. Glenister, at the Pavilion, has also plucked a flower from "Florodora's" bouquet by presenting Miss Edith Houseley with the "I've an Inkling" and "Tact" songs, and the "Pretty Maidens" double sextet is being enthusiastically received. The Musketeer Concert Party is a valuable addition to the Tivoli programme, while the songs of Miss Julie Mackey and Miss Ada Willoughby are always unfailing attractions to cultivated audiences.



MISS NINA BOUCICAULT (AS "SWEET LAVENDER"), WHO HAS MADE
A HIT IN "LION HUNTERS," AT TERRY'S THEATRE.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Easter and the Manœuvres—Fighting Convention—Negligent Local Authorities—The Giving of Advice.

Time to light up: Wednesday, April 17, 7.57; Thursday, 7.58; Friday, 7.59; Saturday, 8.1; Sunday, 8.3; Monday, 8.5; Tuesday, 8.6.

Thankful cyclists always should be for small mercies. The Easter holiday weather was much better than it might have been. Hundreds of thousands of cyclists were out on the roads round London, but there weren't many tourists proper. The skies were a little too treacherous, and, as riding through pouring rain and spending the evening in wet clothes present no anticipatory charms, most folk were content with day spins and making for home at night. Those who came in for a rough time were the Cyclist Volunteers who were supposed to guard London from attack by an invading force that was advancing from Suffolk. The roads were vile, riding was downright hard work, and the cyclists were worked till they were dead-tired. The manœuvres were not altogether a success, and I see that one paper suggests they should be repeated when the weather is more favourable. This is rather stupid advice. The capabilities of cyclists as a fighting force should be tested under severe and ungenial

and safety in cycling were concerned, we might have succumbed to the comments of the street-boy; but the slavish following of unreasonable conventions is responsible for the continuance of so many evils that it seems worth fighting even in the comparatively smaller matters of life.

In the particular road where I live, the authorities, a month or six weeks back, dug up a great trench for the purpose of inserting huge drainage pipes, and then filled in the cutting haphazard, leaving a long stretch of rough, broken soil, which, if a cyclist ran into it on a dark night, would certainly mean a nasty upset, if not actual injury. We are no worse off in my neighbourhood than folks in other districts, for it seems to be the rule of most authorities, when they have opened up a road, to mend it in a perfunctory manner. I have often wondered whether there would be cause for an action at law against the authorities if one were injured by an upset through running into one of these upheavals. From a recently given decision, it certainly looks like it. A cyclist ran into a thick layer of unrolled stones on a road within the jurisdiction of the Grantham Rural District Council. He was upset, injured, and, when he brought an action, received £30 in costs, the Judge holding that it was obvious the unrolled stones caused the accident, and that it was the duty of the road authorities to take advantage of modern means to ensure the safety of travellers, and that, therefore, a light should have been exhibited.



THE AUTOMOBILE MOVEMENT: MISS KITTY LOFTUS, THE LATEST "ENGLISH NELL" UP-TO-DATE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FOULSHAM AND BANFIELD, WIGMORE STREET, W.

circumstances, and not under genial picnic circumstances. It would be silly, in the case of actual warfare, to excuse the ineffectiveness of cyclists because there happened to be bad weather. Battles are not picturesque reviews. Therefore, while I have brother-sympathy for the uncomfortable work the cyclists had, and admire the grit and doggedness with which they went through their task, I am glad the roads were bad and the weather unpropitious, because, while we all have an idea what can be done with a cycle, it often requires harsh demonstration to show what cannot be done. These manœuvres are admirable experiments, and the Easter work proved, I think, that, while large bodies of cyclists are more difficult to manage than mounted troops, on the other hand, for outpost duty and despatch-carrying the cyclist is unequalled.

A week or two back I made a remark that the ladies who had been endeavouring to persuade their cycling sisters to abandon flopping skirts and to take to what is called "rational" dress had retired from the struggle. In reply to this, I have received a politely worded remonstrance from the Editor of the *Rational Dress Gazette*. She writes—

The Rational Dress League is not by any means dead, and I have given instructions for a copy of its *Gazette* to be forwarded to you monthly, so you will be able to know for yourself that we have not abandoned our hope of rationalising dress in general and athletic costumes in particular. Also you will see that we are ourselves aware how much damage is done to a good cause by the indiscretions and want of taste of some of its advocates. Perhaps, if no more than convenience

I am getting quite a lot of letters from readers of this page who want advice in regard to the purchase of new machines. It seems to me that the man who wants to buy a new bicycle is much like the lady who wants to buy a new hat. She must have the advice of somebody else, and yet, in nine cases out of ten, she doesn't follow it, but clings to her own particular fancy. Of course, that's what she should do.—I don't blame her. It's the same with the cyclist who wants a new wheel. His eye is on a particular kind of machine, yet he worries his friends, asking their opinion about other machines, and possibly he sends letters to newspaper-writers who make it their business to know of all the latest improvements. In the end, however, he follows his own inclination, which he ought to have done at the start. If he doesn't, and takes anybody else's advice, and then anything goes wrong with the wheel, he will openly flout his adviser, rarely be happy, and constantly declare that, if he hadn't been a fool, he would have had the machine he originally liked. A man's bicycle is like his child—it should be the finest in the world and beyond the range of criticism. There is just one piece of advice, however, I would give to the all-round rider who wants good work out of his wheel: Don't buy a cheap bicycle. If you do, it will cost you more in repairs than if you had got a good one at the start. Don't buy a very highly priced machine, for you will be paying for fanciful accessories that are not much good. You ought to get a first-grade, capital machine for from fifteen to eighteen guineas.—J. F. F.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

The Craven Meeting.

Owing to the Court mourning, the Craven Meeting at Newmarket this week will be a very tame affair from the social point of view. However, several members of the Jockey Club will be at Headquarters to attend the meeting of the Club fixed to take place on Wednesday night. The



MELBOURNE INMAN, A CHAMPION
BILLIARD-PLAYER.

The racing will not be out of the common, but it is expected that Cynical and Ormenus will win races at the meeting, and Lord Quex, who belongs to His Majesty the King, is almost certain to capture one of the two engagements made for him if he is started. The morning work should be of the highest interest, as several trials for Epsom are due to take place. I am glad to hear that the stable-lad question has been settled and the majority of the boys who struck have been rehabilitated. All's well that ends well; but I hope the Stewards of the Jockey Club will take the lesson of the strike to heart, and will endeavour to build houses for the lads to occupy at cheap rents. The housing question is a burning one at Newmarket. Yet the Jockey Club own hundreds of acres of

waste land, and, what is more, they possess a brick-kiln. It should be possible to provide four rooms for half-a-crown per week.

Police!

The mills of the gods grind slowly. Well we know it in racing circles. For the last ten years some of us have been agitating for the starting of a body of Jockey Club police, but we do not get any forrarder. I believe Mr. James Lowther, when acting as Steward, had submitted to him a scheme under which a retired Superintendent of Metropolitan Police was prepared to furnish a body of picked men to serve under the Club; but the affair fell through, and nothing has been heard of the idea since. The bookmakers had a meeting many years ago, under the presidency of Mr. R. H. Fry, when it was suggested that the bookmakers should be taxed and the money used for providing a body of Jockey Club constables; but nothing was done in the matter, and we now find ourselves at Bank Holiday meetings with not half enough policemen to keep the course clear. Further, dwellers in big towns object to have the local police used to keep racecourses in order while the town is allowed to run riot. A body of Jockey Club police could, as I have written hundreds of times before, be made to become self-supporting. Then why should not the experiment be given a fair trial?

Epsom Spring.

It is somewhat remarkable that the Epsom Spring Meeting should be confined to two days, seeing the amount of interest that is always taken in the fixture. It is still more remarkable that an autumn meeting at the Town of Salts could not be made to pay. The course is in first-rate order for the fixture which commences next Tuesday, and I predict some capital sport, as speculation at Epsom is always good. I am told that King's Messenger, who was not fit when he ran at Lincoln, is very likely to win the Great Metropolitan, for which Jolly Tar will go close if he is started. A large field will turn out for the City and Suburban. Alvescot is being backed like a certainty, but the Lincoln form has not worked out well, as Lackford, who was beaten a head by Alvescot for second place, was beaten at Kempton by Hulecot, and Little Eva, with a penalty, was down the course in the race for the London Cup at Alexandra Park. From information just received, I shall divide my vote between Chicane and Sonatina, the latter for choice. These two horses, I am told, should pay for following this year.

Padding.

The old-fashioned sporting journalist continues to grind out padding by the yard, and he takes a column to tell what the modern man puts into a chatty paragraph. It reads like so much ancient history to be told in long-drawn-out sentences at the end of the week what has happened on the previous Monday, and, in my opinion, it is a sheer waste of space to print selections in the daily papers on Monday for the week, seeing that nearly all the betting takes place at "S.-P.," and many of the horses given do not even go to the course, to say nothing of winning. The sporting papers, too, are a long way behind the times in some respects. The same first is given in three or four different parts of the one paper, while three, and sometimes four, different men tip different horses for the one race. The padding-merchants who year by year trot out columns of ancient history relating to the meetings on the tapis evidently appraise the intelligence of the

reading public at a small value. In the meantime, the smart paragraphist thrives and the weary reader rejects the old order and turns with gratitude to the new.

Sloanism.

I, for one, am very sorry that Tod Sloan is not allowed to ride in this country, for, in my opinion, Sloan did more to improve racing in England than any man of our day. He was the means of giving us fast-run races, and it was through his smart riding that many of our crawlers were converted into smart riders. On the other hand, Sloan incurred the displeasure of the powers that be, and he has had to pay the penalty. The reason for his not getting his licence is unknown to me, and I cannot, therefore, discuss the matter, except to remark that the authority of the Jockey Club must be upheld at all cost. The Club is the most autocratic governing body in the world connected with sport, and it is well that it is so. I hope, however, that those in authority may see their way to temper justice with mercy in the case of Sloan, for, as I have before stated, he is such an accomplished artist in the saddle that he proves a big draw at any meeting. If Sloan gets his permit again, he must endeavour to obey the laws of the Jockey Club, and this should not be a difficult matter in his case, for he is an intelligent fellow.

CAPTAIN COE.

A BILLIARD CHAMPION.

Although only twenty-two years of age, Melbourne Inman has already made a big name as a billiard-player, and, as most of his matches have been genuine money games, his successful career is remarkable. Quite recently he met Reece, of Oldham, and, when a long way in front, was deprived of a win on a technicality. He, however, had just previously defeated Cecil Harverson, the ex-Champion of South Africa, and B. Elphick, and won the Billiard Association Tournament—an excellent season's record for a player of his age. The special feature of his game is hazard striking, and in two years he has on twelve occasions made over a century off the red ball alone. In the match with Harverson he ran out in sensational fashion with 182 unfinished, of which no fewer than 129 were secured off the red. His highest break in public is 315, compiled in a match with Barr, at the Argyll Hall, in 1899.

THE STRONGEST MAN IN THE ARMY.

Sergeant Deacon, one of the men selected to accompany the draft of the Marine Artillery for the *Ophir*, stands 6 feet 3 inches in height, and, besides being a splendid specimen of an English athlete, is said to be the strongest man in the British Army. All the Marines selected for the *Ophir* are of good physique and good character.



SERGEANT DEACON, THE STRONGEST MAN IN THE ARMY, ONE OF
THE MARINES ON BOARD THE "OPHIR."

Photo by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

IT would be instructive and comforting to know if we women may ever be rejoiced by the introduction of a material for night-gowns and under-wear which shall be neither inflammable, too hot for winter weather, shamelessly shrinkable, nor otherwise weighed and found wanting. No less than seven deaths have been recently chronicled all of which were



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A GOWN FOR THE RIVIERA.

due to the wearing of the cheap, pernicious flannelette, which, being simply fluffed-out cotton, is as inflammable as tissue-paper. I have seen this material blaze like a bonfire when inadvertently brought within the influence of a candle, and so quickly does it flare up that there is hardly time to make a dash for the water-jug before serious harm is done. I sincerely hope that girls will give up wearing this highly dangerous material now that so many recent disastrous examples have been brought to light. Silk is, of course, the ideal stuff for under-wear and night-gowns; but it is expensive. Flannel is shrinkable, and cambric is cold for winter. Nun's-veiling I have heard advocated, and believe it makes good cause with one's comfort if of good quality; while it undoubtedly makes up prettily, and can be had in all shades of colour. The widely advertised "Viyella" is, I believe, a mixture of wool and cotton, but I have no intimate acquaintance with its merits beyond the fact of the shop-window, which shows it in all sorts of delightful tints and tones. The moral to be deduced from it all, however, is that flannelette should be taboo by all who are open to reasonable argument and advice, while only such materials should be encouraged by the sex's patronage as are well proven to be warm, hygienic, and safe. No mixture which contains pure wool can, of course, be set down as inflammable.

Turning from under-garments to the more enthralling matter of exterior frills and furbelows, one is now daily gratified, and, at the same time, reduced to malignant envy, by views of the garments purchased in

Paris or on the Riviera which are being brought home by returning stragglers from the South. I notice, first of all, that many of one's friends have become almost unrecognisably altered by the new way of doing the hair which now rules amongst the modish clect abroad. Instead of wearing the high coil at the crown, one's cherished and decidedly becoming top-knot has descended to the back of the head. All the objections to this style which were brought forward as to coils on the neck being too warm in summer, and that collars, ribbons, and laces were soon soiled by contact, have been swept aside, and the really up-to-date coiffure is one of many undulations about the head and low-lying coils at the back. Milliners have attuned their wires and lyres to this keynote, and the Capeline, low-crowned and flat, continues to be a vogue, pretty flower garlands around the brim in Lamballe fashion somewhat changing its character. The Early Victorian custom of covering brim and buckram with silk also revisits our present moons, and pretty, floppy hats suitable for sweet-and-twenty or thereabouts worked out in this manner are serviceable and young-looking. The appearance of horsehair flowers and wreaths tricked forth with beads and sequins as a novelty shows to what a depth of desperation the millinery imagination is sometimes reduced for want of novelties. Horsehair, whether for sofa-seats, as our grandfathers knew it, or figuring in the "bustles" of our aunts in the 'seventies, equally remains matter in the wrong place, but when removed from where Nature set it to figure forth as flower garlands on our summer millinery is more than ever preposterous and irrelevant.

Parisiennes, I am credibly informed, have by no means discarded the bolero beloved of this generation, and it would seem as if this useful and



[Copyright.]

A GOWN OF GREY CLOTH.

smart garment, which we have adopted and adapted from cloistered Eastern hours, were to become a regulation item of the New Century wardrobe. This season's bolero is very short and much decorated with embroideries and otherwise. It is, in fact, the top piece of an elaborate blouse chemisette,

whilst high-boned waistbands are invariably worn as an accompaniment. There is a new colour, called "King's blue," in honour, no doubt, of our brand-new Island Sovereign, which Parisiennes begin to disport. In the new satin-faced panne cloths this colour looks very well. Several new shades of mauve and violet, obtained by admixture with other colours, are also introduced, under the style and title of "Episcopal," "Ophelia," "Meadow Queen," and so forth, while a new rose-colour, called "Fuchsia," is quite charming, though rather courageous for the street. Laurel green is also amongst the prophesied colours, and a friend has annexed a cashmere gown in this colour from Beer, which bears a wide *en forme* flounce bordered with closely curled black ostrich-feathers. Little cross-cut bands head this flounce, the lining is pale-lemon silk, and a pouched bodice has little cross-cut bands on sleeves and epaulettes, on which the tightly curled feathers again appear. Black velvet buttons and a black ribbon-velvet corselet finish this very *chic* little gown. Groups of pipings, coming about twenty inches below the waist-line, are

have a firm hope of being able to repose my declining years in my own victoria, but, pending that event, have a well-defined desire that some amelioration of the human lot were possible in omnibuses. This is one: that the conductor be forbidden to enter the conveyance for his fares, and be counselled by a bye-law to collect pennies by means of a long-handled basket.

The Vinolia Company, Limited, merits the gratitude of every lady, not only for its excellent Vinolia Soap, which is so deservedly popular, but also for a variety of toilet requisites welcome adjuncts to the dressing-table. What powder is better for the complexion than Violettes de Parme? What better for the teeth than Vinolia Paste? From the headquarters in Malden Crescent, N.W., are also issued by the Vinolia Company a fine quality of Lavender Water, Savon Liril, and Lait Vinolia, unsurpassably refreshing.

SYBIL.

SHAKSPERE IN THE ASCENDANT.

IT is a noteworthy and satisfactory feature in the history of our national theatre at the beginning of the century that the month of Shakspeare's Birthday should find three of his works, each most magnificently mounted, among the most attractive of plays in London.

SIR HENRY IRVING'S RESPLENDENT PRODUCTION OF "CORIOLANUS,"
AT THE LYCEUM,

brings Old Rome back to us with marvellous verisimilitude. Subject of a special Interview on the part of a Shaksperian enthusiast with Sir Henry Irving, who courteously lent *The Sketch* the model and drawings copied on earlier pages of this Issue, this memorable revival needs no further laudation here.

MR. TREE'S BEAUTIFUL REPRESENTATION OF "TWELFTH NIGHT," at Her Majesty's, not only maintains that high standard of excellence he has consistently set himself as one of the foremost and truest exponents of the poetic drama, but may be justly said to transcend in loveliness any previous production of Shakspeare's fascinating comedy. Surpassingly charming are the scenes and costumes; melodious is the illustrative music; and, from Mr. Tree's humorously distinctive Malvolio to the radiant Viola of Miss Lily Brayton (the most graceful and captivating leading lady Mr. Tree has ever introduced on his stage), the performance of "Twelfth Night" continues to be delightful throughout. "A thing of beauty," it will be made "a joy for ever" by means of Carl Hentschel's admirable coloured Souvenir of the chief characters, reproduced for a mere song in a tasteful album.

In passing, I should mention that Mr. Tree, ever charitable on a princely scale, is bound to make a very handsome contribution to the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund early next month. He is to devote the proceeds of a remarkably interesting matinée at Her Majesty's, on Thursday, May 2, to the King's beneficent fund. Mr. and Mrs. Tree, Mr. Fred Terry, Miss Lily Brayton, Mr. James Welch, Miss Eva Moore, and other leading actors and actresses are to appear in "Beau Austin" and "Macaire," by Mr. W. E. Henley and the late Robert Louis Stevenson. All who wish to be present should book seats in advance.

"HENRY THE FIFTH" IN THE SUBURBS.

A spectacular no less than a histrionic success of the first order, "Henry the Fifth," as produced so superbly by MM. Mollison and Lewis Waller at the Lyceum, proved a well-merited triumph in the provinces, and is right worthily reaping fresh laurels now at the London suburban playhouses, where booking is brisk for this great patriotic play. Full houses were the rule, for example, last week at the elegant and commodious Camden Theatre, where the stirring tableaux, beautiful scenery, rich humour of Mr. Mollison's Pistol, and fine declamation of Mr. Lewis Waller as the valorous King and of Miss Lily Hanbury as the Chorus, were warmly appreciated. Stratford-atte-Bow takes up the tale this week with this superexcellent revival of "Henry the Fifth." Which leads gently up to the congenial postscript that Mr. F. R. Benson is to uphold the fame of Shakspeare, as usual, at the anniversary of his birth, next week, in Stratford-on-Avon.



[Copyright.]

ANOTHER DAINTY TOILETTE FOR THE RIVIERA.

popular with slightly built women, I am told, and graduated spaces of the ladder-bar type appear in many of the new stitched, piped, and tuckered costumes for spring.

Apropos of spring, I am prepared to affirm, after a week spent there when Easter was blustering all over and around other parts of this weather-beaten island, that Malvern, in the matter of balmy air, brilliant sunshine, and an ideal condition of atmosphere generally, is first-favourite with the spirit of the seasons. At Easter, when other places were nipped with east winds or buried in snow, as they of Dorsetshire, the sun shone on Malvern heights and hollows, almond-trees were pink-covered glories, and spring breathed warmly over that favoured bit of old Worcester. For hostelrys at which to halt there are many, but commend me to the Imperial Hotel for courtesy, cuisine, and comfort. It shall henceforth be known to each one of our cheerful party of eight who sojourned there this Easter as the hotel of the three "C's" *par excellence*.

Apropos des bottes, I wonder if the Directors of Omnibus Companies ever peruse these pages? If not, being a "constant contributor" to their uncomfortable vehicles, I ardently wish they would. Now, I

Rehearsals of Mr. F. Anstey's "The Man from Blankley's" are so far forward that Mr. Charles Hawtrey has decided to produce it at the Prince of Wales's Theatre on Thursday, April 25.

The Marchioness of Headfort (*née* Miss Rosie Boote), whose marriage has been celebrated privately during the month, is now staying with her husband at the Hôtel Métropole, Folkestone.—*Sunday Special*, April 14.

Miss Ida Yeoland, a young actress of exceptional beauty, divinely tall and divinely fair, had an opportunity to distinguish herself at the Duke of York's during the regretted indisposition of Miss Evelyn Millard. On two evenings of the past week Miss Yeoland performed the attractive part of Lady Ursula most charmingly.

Sir Edward Watkin, the great railway magnate, died at a ripe old age last Saturday evening at Rose Hill, his seat in Cheshire. His name will be inalienably associated with the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincoln line, the South-Eastern and Great Central Railways, likewise with the Canadian Grand Trunk—but his English Channel Tunnel Railway scheme failed for political reasons.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on April 24.

THE MARKETS.

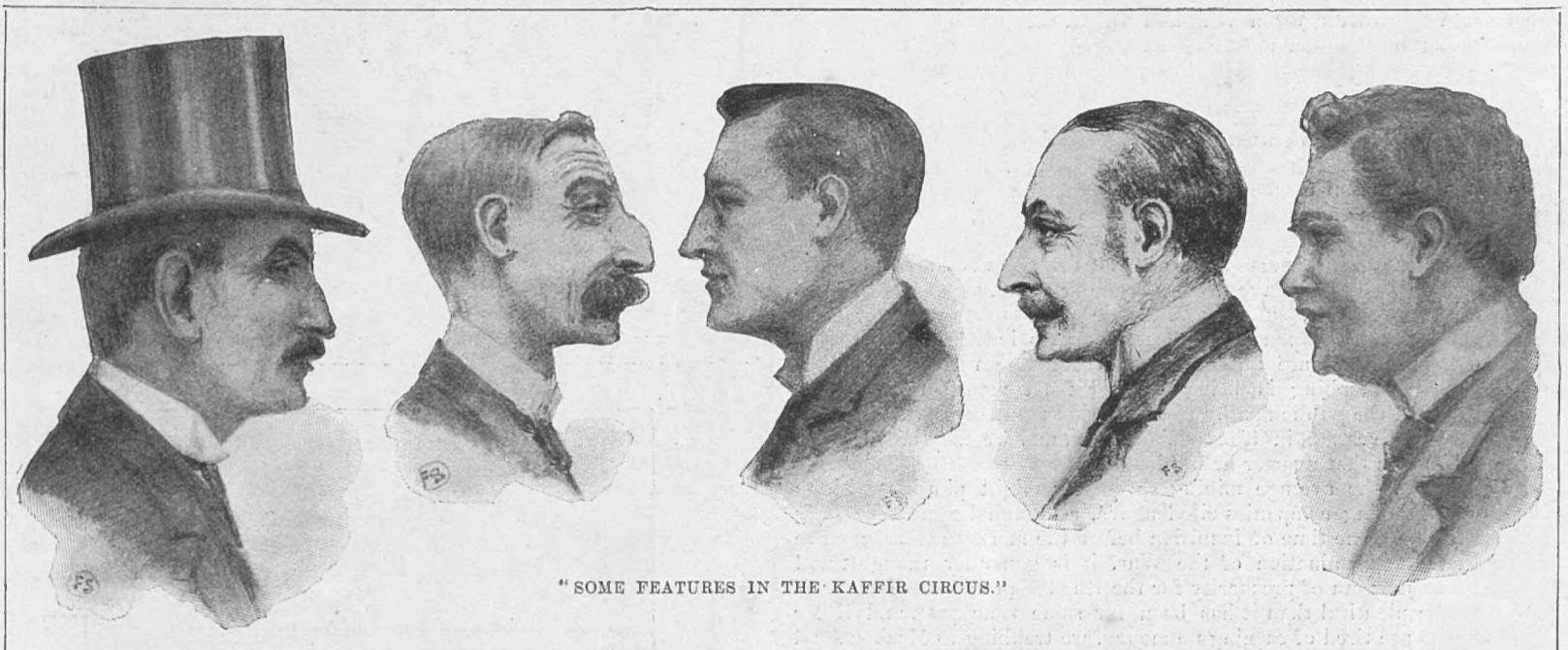
MONEY has been in some demand, and business since the holidays has been on a small scale. In most markets there is a decided tendency to wait upon events, although the public are willing to buy India 3 per cent. stock and a few other specialities, such as Gas Light and Coke Ordinary and Electric Traction shares. It is curious how Corporation stocks are out of favour, and many of the Home Railways are very poor markets, although Great Eastern and Midland Deferred have considerable public—as distinguished from professional—support. Whenever there is a talk of peace, Kaffirs find purchasers, and, if Lord Kitchener could only keep all negotiations a secret and one fine day send us the news that Botha had accepted terms, there would be a fair scramble to get in on any terms. Such an idea is, we fear, too good to be true.

The principal talk of the week has been the supposed union of interest in the Copper world between the concerns controlled by the Rothschilds and those that the Rockefellers command. For the last two years the Amalgamated Copper Company have sustained the price of the metal with only the benevolent neutrality of the Rothschild group. The latter have taken no hand in "supporting the market," but have, without any agreement, found it profitable to refrain from selling at inconvenient moments, and in other ways helped the maintenance of prices. There is no doubt that efforts have been made lately to bring about some closer amalgamation, and a

To return business-wards. The Kaffir Circus is sadly disappointed at the lack of peace in South Africa. Besides the humanitarian and political aspects of the case, there must also be weighed those of commission for the brokers and turns for the jobbers, which keep tantalisingly afar so long as hostilities last. Among the principal features in the Kaffir Market are those which I have begged from Mr. — (Why are artists always so modest?) for reproduction amongst these City Notes. Each drawing was made in market overt, and the remarkable fidelity of the likenesses will be at once acknowledged by all Stock Exchange supporters of *The Sketch*. What a famous circulation will this number enjoy in the Kaffir Circus! Well, the market wants some new thing on which to employ its too many idle moments. After all, there is not much excitement to be got from skinning sixteenths out of speculating in East Rands P. A. The public's gold shares do not come to market, however, and the public is wise to keep them. At any recession, it is safe to lay in Kaffirs. Gold Trusts, let it be noted, are now within an eighth of Consolidated Goldfields. Those who bought them on my suggestion when the price was under 7 must please consider that my moral responsibility is over now that the shares stand at 7½ buyers.

The birthday of the Stock Exchange will be with us in a month—the Centenary birthday—and surely the historic occasion will not be permitted to pass without some official recognition? On May 18, 1801, the foundation-stone of the first Stock Exchange in Capel Court was formally laid, King George III. being then in the ascendant. The names of the Managers on that ever-to-be-remembered day were William Hammond, William Steer, Thomas Roberts, Griffith Jones, William Grey, Isaac Hensley, Jo. Brackshaw, John Capel, and John Barnes. There were, in all, thirty proprietors at that date, and the original capital was £20,000 in 400 shares of £50 each, while members had to pay a subscription of ten guineas per head. To-day there are 20,000 shares with £12 paid up, and the price of them is about 230. They have just received a final dividend for the year 1900-1, making 75 per cent. Happy proprietors!

The Home Railway Market cannot hold up its head for five consecutive days, try as it may, and it is hard to suggest investments in this department so long as prices show no disposition to recover. (If that's not good journalese, what is?) But Midland Deferred stands now at a fair buying price, while North-Western and North-Eastern look cheap compared with previous records. Of course, nobody



"SOME FEATURES IN THE KAFFIR CIRCUS."

working arrangement is in contemplation, by which there will be an understanding as to output, and all chance of a break in prices will be avoided. That anything beyond this is likely we do not believe, so that what it amounts to is very little more than putting into formal shape the attitude of the past two years, and securing thereby the continuance of the present range of prices for some time to come.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

The activity in the Jungle Market—by the way, if no one can suggest a good pseudonym for West African shares, I really must do it myself—is joining hands with our Yankee cousins to redeem the Stock Exchange from hopeless stagnation, so far as business is concerned. Although from the appearance of the Jungle it might be surmised that the actual bargains done are few, yet it is not so, and the leading firms, brokers or jobbers, are increasing their staffs every account. The public has begun to develop an interest in West Africans, and, what is significant, many of the shares transferred last week went into French names. Our Gallic neighbours have been large buyers of Tarquah and Abosso shares. It was a French enterprise, you know, to begin with, before its office was removed to Liverpool and it became Anglicised. Since reconstitution the company has found a local London habitation in the Oceana office. The Special Settlement cannot take place for at least another month, and the amount of dealing which has gone on in Tarquahs for the last six weeks must make the Special Settlement a very heavy one indeed when it is fixed. I am a firm believer in the company, but a large bull account has been piled up owing to the fact that the Special had to be so long delayed, and, were I a holder lower down, I should take my profits. In fact, there seems some likelihood that the Jungle Market may be approaching the period when a halt can profitably be called, and those well qualified to speak have been heard saying that the Jungle boom will pull up about the middle of June. My readers, let us take our profits.

Let us, I say, but would fain point out that the expression is figurative. For my own part, I consider that no financial scribe has any right to speculate unless he fully discloses his book in his writing. Better men than I, have vehemently disputed and do dispute this theory, declaring that the best test of a writer's sincerity in recommending certain courses of action is to follow his own advice. There is, of course, much to be said from this point of view, but also so much against the whole system that I prefer the other side, the impartiality of which cannot be challenged. That's a parenthesis.

need choose Home Rails as a medium for speculation on the bull tack, but those who can stand and wait might do worse than lock up this trio of stocks. Central London, too, will go better. All they want for recuperation in price is a little time, and there will be waits in the hereafter from those who missed the chance of buying them at a pound below par. While on the subject of Electric Traction, it may be interesting to point out that Imperial Tramways shares are on sale at 22, or thereabouts, in Bristol and Capel Court. The Imperial Company practically owns the London United, whose electric cars have created such a stir in Western London. The new vehicles are finding thousands of patronisers every day, and the success of the child in London should be highly beneficial to the parent at Bristol. And, still running on electrical lines, British Electric Traction shares appear to have reached as high a price as at present they are worth. The company is now backed by the all-powerful Morgan group, to whose influence may be traceable the recent rise in "Tractions." The shares are probably standing at fair value, but prudent proprietors, by selling, would very likely have an excellent chance of a cheaper re-purchase when there comes the reaction usual after a Traction rise.

It was rather cruel. He was a little jobber, with large feet. Over the latter a *confrère* carelessly stumbled, and, instead of apologising, the second began to abuse the injured one. "What do you mean by having such feet?" he demanded. The little man meekly replied, "Providence gave me but a pair of legs to begin with, but at the last moment turned them up at the bottom and said, 'Now walk on that.'" Was it original or was there a certain smack of St. James's Hall about it? wondered THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

THE ARGENTINE RAILWAY REPORTS.

It has been well known that, in consequence of heavy rains and floods in some districts, the working of the railways in Argentina had been injuriously affected during the last half-year, and, although this state of affairs is shown in the reports, the effects are, on the whole, not so disastrous as had been feared.

The Buenos Ayres Great Southern shows a reduction of £69,986 in gross receipts, but, as the wool-clip has been very largely held back for better prices, and the decrease on this single item is £112,000, matters might have been very much worse. The reduction in net profits is £79,288, and in dividend from 7 per cent. to 6 per cent. per annum: but for the current half-year the prospects are distinctly encouraging: the wool-clip is coming forward, and the necessity for abnormal expenditure

has almost ceased. Except for the proposal to increase the capital by the creation of £3,000,000 4 per cent. extension shares, there would be no reason to look forward to the future with any anxiety.

In the case of the Buenos Ayres Western, the gross earnings have fallen off by £69,524, but the working expenses are reduced to the extent of over £28,000. In this case the decrease in receipts from maize alone represents £82,000, but the Directors have contrived to maintain the dividend at 6 per cent., although the carry-over is small.

The Central Argentine report covers the whole year, and shows for that period an increase in receipts of £13,797, and in expenses of £26,031. On its increased capital, 6 per cent. is paid, while the carry forward is reduced by a bare £2000. The company has always been a favourite of ours, and we expect it to do even better in the future with the growing traffic on the Western Santa Fé section.

The report of the Buenos Ayres and Rosario Company is not to hand at the time of writing, but, as the receipts are known to have fallen off to the extent of £50,000, and increased capital charges had to be provided for, we do not consider the reduction of the dividend from 4 per cent. to 3 per cent. more than might have been reasonably expected. So far this year, traffics have improved, and the outlook is by no means discouraging.

THE OOREGUM MINING COMPANY.

The Mysore and Nundydroog Companies made excellent results in 1900, but the Ooregum appears to have done comparatively even better. The gold production has risen from 61,000 to 84,000 oz., and the profits from £77,000 to £141,000, while the grade of the ore treated has improved by 1 dwt. 10 gr. per ton, and the dividend—which shareholders appreciate more than anything else—is exactly doubled. Although over 10,000 tons more quartz was extracted during the last year than in 1899, the reserves have also been increased and now stand at over 118,847 tons, or enough to provide for a year and a-half, while the Mining Superintendent's report is of a most encouraging nature, and there appears to be every prospect of the present satisfactory position being maintained.

RHODESIANS.

With the payment of a five-shilling dividend on Globe and Phoenix shares, the market in Rhodesians has re-acquired a certain amount of attention. It is felt that, if the Globe Company can pay the same amount which its Westralian namesake is seeking to raise by assessment, there is no reason why other Rhodesian enterprises should not follow its example. Hopes are beginning to make themselves heard that the West Nicholson and the Bonsor may shortly enter the dividend-paying stage, and shares in the exploration companies, such as Matabele Gold Reefs and Rhodesia Exploration, are hard upon the purchasing orders induced by the same consideration. There are numbers of new Rhodesian ventures on the stocks whose launching is being delayed from month to month in consequence of the public apathy to the market; but the Globe dividend has created a diversion in Rhodesia's favour, and we may be prepared for new issues in that quarter before long.

Meanwhile, the average mining speculator might pin his faith to the two developing companies cited above, although he must be fully prepared to see some time of inanition before the market makes a move upwards. The termination of the War, it is generally thought, will inaugurate a new era of prosperity for the Rhodesian mines. Labour is already more plentiful than it has been for some time past, and Kaffir "boys," who are tired of earning no money, are trekking to Mashonaland when they get the opportunity. We should like to see the gold production of the country make more rapid progress, but, under the circumstances, perhaps it would be unfair to expect larger returns. No doubt they will be greatly augmented when De Wet has ceased from troubling and Botha is at rest.

Saturday, April 13, 1901.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

R. B.—Your post-card, although dated March 28, was not delivered until the evening of April 4, after office hours, and, in consequence of the Easter holidays, could not be answered last week. If you wish to bring the matter before the Post Office, we will send the document to you with the post-marks on it. In any event, our advice would have been to take your profit, of which you have no reason to complain, as it should have been 9s. or 10s. a-share.

CYCLIST.—(1) We do not like Brewery shares, with all the risks of the liquor trade and the chance of a tax on sugar. (2) The so-called Bank is a bill-of-sale money-lending concern, which could not afford to pay 7 per cent. except by risky business. You will be running considerable danger by depositing. (3) The only responsibility will be the chance of losing what you put in. Certainly there would be no further liability.

SHOOTER.—We have very little hope of the concern turning out well.

F. T.—We do not advise purchase. The stock is very speculative, and no one really knows the true position of the company. See answer No. 1 to "Cyclist."

DEVON.—You need not trouble your head about your War Loan. Your 3 per cent. is as safe as the Bank of England, and in 1910 you will get £100. Keep your money where it is and forget all about it.

ROSSLAND.—All your Africans are fair speculations. If you want to buy more, for a gamble, we suggest active shares, such as East Rands or Goldfields. Everything depends on the future course of events, of which you can judge as well as we can.

A. J.—(1) Certainly. You can hold with safety and forget all about them. (2) They are touts who should be shunned. (3) After what we have said, it will be your own fault if you lose your money.

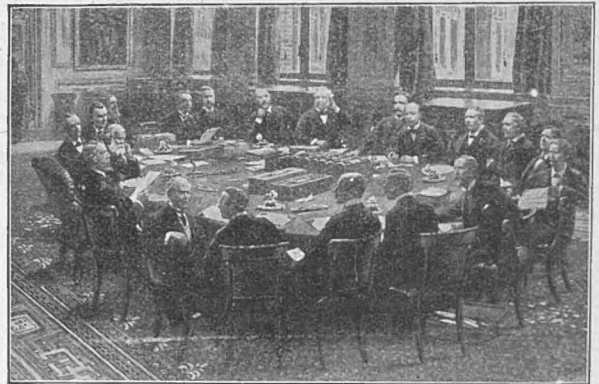
AFRICA.—See answer to "Rossland." It is absurd to ask us "when the War will be over." We have no better means of judging than you, and even Sir Alfred Milner probably does not know.

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" HISTORICAL FINE-ART PLATES, &c.



QUEEN VICTORIA'S LAST DRIVE AT OSBORNE.

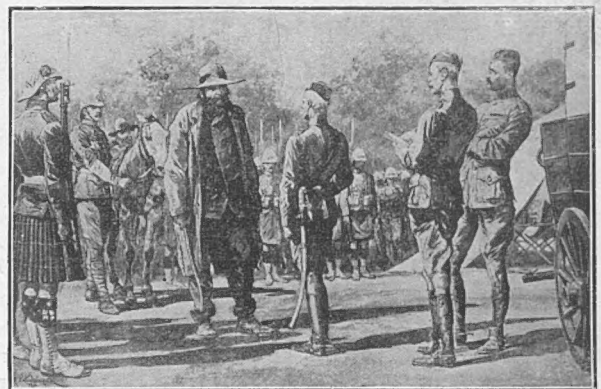
This small Photogravure from the painting made by Mr. S. Begg at Osborne is now ready, size with mount, 24 by 18 inches, price 5s.; 200 Artist's Proofs, at 10s. 6d. each.



THE FIRST CABINET OF KING EDWARD VII.

(With Key.)

Photogravures from this picture by Mr. S. Begg of the Cabinet that decided the great South African question to be had at 10s. 6d. each; 200 Artist's Proofs at £1 1s. each. Size 32 by 24 inches.



THE SURRENDER OF CRONJÉ TO LORD ROBERTS.

From the painting by R. Caton Woodville of the sketch by our Special Correspondent, Frederick Villiers; Photogravures, 10s. 6d. each, size with mount, 38 by 28 inches. No proofs left.



THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT IN FULL STATE, FEB. 14, 1901.

The Photogravure, from the painting by Mr. S. Begg, measures 24 by 17 inches without mount. 200 Artist's Proofs at £2 2s. each; Prints, £1 1s. each.

We regret being unable to supply any more plates of "The Queen Listening to a Despatch," and respectfully beg our readers to note this; we shall, however, shortly publish a companion picture entitled "King Edward VII. Opening His First Parliament," and intending subscribers should order at once to prevent disappointment.

New Illustrated List Free on application to Photogravure Department, 133, Strand, London, W.C.